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PTE. RAY BROWN



CORP. C. H. ORME



PTE. LESLIE PERRY

"Don't let us take it in vain . . ."

Three soldiers wrote these letters from the Malayan battlefield

Letters written during the last few days of the A.I.F.'s battle in Malaya are still being sent to us for our "Letters from our Boys" page.

We hope to print many of these letters because we know that any information, especially when it is written by the men themselves, will be welcomed by hundreds of people who wait anxiously for news.

This week we print three letters which, in their simple, unassuming soldier's language, place on record the high courage and unbreakable spirit of the men who fought their way into history.

MR. AND MRS. STAN BROWN, of Bankstown, N.S.W., have received a number of letters about their son, Ray, from friends of his, who say he has been recommended for a decoration.

The action that led to this recommendation is described by Corporal A. N. Rowe to his parents in West Kempsey.

"YOUNG Ray Brown made a name for himself. The day we bumped the Japs

first he was lying on top of a cutting near a road.

"A bomb burst, undermining the bank, and brought him tumbling down on to the roadway. In the fall he lost his rifle.

"Four Japs rushed in and tried to stab him with their daggers, but he lashed out with his fists, and punched and ducked to such good purpose that they could not land a finishing stab on him, although he got 14 stab wounds all told.

"He managed to take a dagger from one of them. He killed two and wounded the other two, and was making his way back when big Ray

Ferris, from Tamworth, saw him and got him on his back.

"After carrying him for a mile they were again attacked by Japs, so Ferris had to put him down. They had to fight their way back three miles, and Brown plugged along under his own steam.

"When they got him to hospital they found he had a slight fracture of the skull, as well as the stab wounds, but he is in the next bed to me and is doing really well, though they won't let him up yet.

"One gash in the back of his head lifted his scalp, and took eight stitches, and another one in the forehead has six stitches.

"A Queenslander named Edwards also put up a good performance. He followed two Jap officers for miles through the jungle on his own.

"At one stage he was tracking the Japs, and, as he looked around, he found two tigers stalking him, but he carried on till he could pass on the information which led to the capture of the Japs."

In this letter to his grandmother, Mrs. Clarke, of Narrandera, Pte. Leslie Perry tells her of the A.I.F.'s first encounter with Japanese tanks:

"The happenings that afternoon will stay in our minds for all time. For, instead of running away from bullets, we literally ran into them.

"Our company commander called us all together, and said, 'Well, boys, we are going to attack the Japs. Travel as lightly as possible.'

"To get to the Japs' position in the trees we had to move over four hundred yards of open ground. And as soon as we left our position in the trees three Jap planes swooped down on us from apparently nowhere and commenced machine-gunning us. At the same time the Japs opened fire from their concealed position with machine-guns, rifles, and mortar bombs.

"Under this hell of fire we at once dived flat on the ground, as it didn't seem possible for any human being to escape the blazing fury.

"A barbed wire fence near us was ringing backwards and forwards from the bullets. But our skipper sang out, 'On your feet, men! we must take their position.'

"I, like all the others, expected a bullet at any second, but I had only one thing in mind—to reach the trees and kill every Jap I saw.

"When we did eventually reach the trees we split up in parties, and Athol, George Parfrey, and myself with five or six others rushed through high grass to find several Japs in hiding. Athol turned his Bren machine-gun on them, and, under our supporting fire with rifles, made several get up and run for their lives.

"A cobbler of ours, Charlie Taylor, from Bourke, looked up in the air in time to shoot a grinning Jap from out of the trees, as he was firing all around us.

"We then heard the command, 'Retreat,' yelled out.

"We could not understand it, as it looked like the Japs being well licked. George Parfrey had his blood properly up, and rushed right

forward, and it took a good while to persuade him that everybody was retreating.

"We soon found out the answer when we found the other boys. While the boys were attacking on the right flank, huge tanks had rushed out of the trees while we luckily were attacking on the left.

"Nobody gave a thought that tanks would be used in this country. It was a terrific blow to be stopped by such means, but all the more heartbreaking to us was the fact that throughout the operations we never saw one of our own planes in the air.

"On reaching headquarters, another painful blow was in store for us. Our trucks had been blown up, and we were forced to walk endless miles through the jungle before taking up another position.

"Athol and I are now curled up in a trench listening to the bombers flying over. Waves and waves of them flying practically on the tree-tops, and we can't do anything to stop them.

"Just got to lie still and pray that the bombs land a good way off. The one that has landed closest to us has been twenty yards away, and even that made the ground around us tremble, but it is all experience, and we can take it.

"But we hope that Britain and America do not let us take it in vain, but send every spare plane they get their hands on."

Eleven days of hardship and peril behind the Japanese lines are described in this letter from Corporal C. H. Orme to his mother, Mrs. H. Orme, at Boree Creek:

"SEVEN of us were sent fifteen miles north up a river in a motor boat to watch for Japs.

"On the first night the Japs got in behind us while we were trying to fix the boat engine.

"It caught fire and burned to the water's edge, leaving us stranded with hardly any food, no compass or maps. I tried for two days to get back through the swamps, but it was impossible, so on Sunday night we returned to our position wet, sore-footed, and cold.

"I managed there to get hold of two native boats and three men and a boy to row us down the river to a point near the mouth. We arrived at a Chinese kampong about 3 a.m., and had a couple of hours' sleep in wet clothes.

"At daybreak the Chinks told us that the Japs were all around us, so we got a boat from them to row down the river. We had just started when it sank and we lost all our food.

"We got another great, awkward sampan, moved down the river, hid the boat and shivered all day in the rain until dark, then started for the river mouth.

"Well, that darned sampan was the most awkward and obstinate thing in the world. I seemed to be the only one that could get it along in any degree of silence, and I paddled for what seemed an eternity down the river with each bank lined with Japs.

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. NORMAN DAVIS
American Red Cross

ONE of the world's outstanding workers for Red Cross is Mr. Norman H. Davis. He is chairman of Board of Governors of the League of Red Cross Societies, international committee of the organisation, and chairman of the American Red Cross.

The Red Cross is largest war relief organisation in America, with world-wide activities. It is only association in U.S.A. permitted to work among troops in camps, bases, and hospitals.

MISS W. CARRUTHERS
Y.W.C.A.

HOUSING of girl munition workers and service women and providing recreation programmes for women defence workers and soldiers are two responsibilities of Miss Winifred Carruthers, newly-appointed general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of Australia.

Since joining the Y.W.C.A. in Sydney twelve years ago, Miss Carruthers has worked in England, New Zealand, and Perth, where she organised the movement. She took the Board of Social Studies course at Melbourne University.

SIR ARNOLD BAX
the King's Musician

WITH his recent appointment as Master of the King's Music, Sir Arnold Bax, noted English composer, wins one of the oldest, most coveted, and highest honors in the British Empire. He is attached to the Royal Household, and his duties include composing music for special national occasions and for Royal weddings and christenings.

His works appear frequently in programmes at all principal London concerts.

IN *Lingerie* **KAYSER** PRESENTS

There's a KAYSER style for every type and taste! Here's a very feminine version of the pyjama. Notice the clever cut of the bodice, the becoming insets of net and embroidery.

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Youth Must Be Served Sometimes

THE door burst open and Belinda Dragon burst in. He saw that she was bursting, too, with hysterical fury. She said: "There's goings on going on downstairs that's been going on too long for my liking. I'm leaving right now."

"But, Belinda, it's a quarter past eleven," he protested.

"I know, sir. I couldn't get done before. You see, I'd made up my mind a month ago. That racket'll go on till midnight and then, tomorrow, there'll be all the ash all over the carpet to clear up, and the beer glasses, and the rings they've made on the furniture. I tell you it's no joke."

She stopped to draw breath; and went on.

"It isn't YOU, sir! You've been a proper gent to me and I wouldn't have stuck it five minutes but for you."

She stopped short, arrested by the sudden sternness of his face.

"The dally will be here at nine to-morrow, sir," she mumbled. "Good-bye, sir."

She hurried out, leaving Sam Saunders quite motionless except for his uneasy fingers drumming on the occasional table at his side, as he contemplated this new domestic crisis.

Only recently retired, Saunders had lived with his widowed invalid sister and her two daughters, Mollie and Flick, ever since their father had died ten years previously. Domestic worries like this automatically seemed to become his responsibility.

Should he tell Charlotte that Belinda had left, to-night? Someone else would have to be found. With Mollie at the office and Flick at her mannequin job and up sometimes so early for odd photographic work before business hours, a stray charwoman who came at nine and left at one could never cope with it.

He walked slowly upstairs, and with mouse-like fingers pushed the thick, perfectly-fitting green baize door his sister Charlotte had had built to isolate her own bedroom and bathroom.

Her charming, indolent face broke into a smile at sight of him.

"Sammie, what an unexpected angel! Have the girls got a party on? Has the Dragon gone to bed? I do hope she has, because Flick has to be up at some unearthly hour and trail off to some dreary place in Twickenham to be photographed in swimsuits! Isn't it dreadful? Oh! Sammie, I wish I were some use to someone instead of just lying here!"

Her bright blue eyes filled with what looked in the meticulously shaded light like bright blue tears. He knew he was not going to be able to impart Belinda's desertion to her that night!

"Well," he said. "Well, don't worry."

Everyone had petted and spoiled Charlotte ever since he could remember. Her parents. Her husband. He had a record of fifty years of personal Charlotte-spoiling behind him.

Now he got her her sleeping tablets. He refilled her hot-water bottle from the electric kettle in her private bathroom. He found her new novel. All these services he performed, as always, neatly and charmingly.

It was midnight when he opened the door of his nieces' sitting-room. The place was almost gassed with pipe and cigarette smoke. There were glasses everywhere, and small cold sausages, and beer bottles. And there were five tousled young men and six sleek young women, of whom his two nieces, Mollie and

Flick, were the sleekest and the loveliest.

"I thought I'd tell you," he said mildly, "one of you will have to get up to-morrow and start breakfast. Belinda has gone."

"Confound Belinda!" Flick said.

"For goodness sake find us someone else, Uncle!" said Mollie, coolly. "Never mind what you pay, but get someone!"

Next morning Flick left in tears and a bad temper because they had had to put some people off for that night.

Leaving yesterday's debris to the charwoman, and feeling greatly discouraged and perturbed, Sam made his way to Charlotte's room. She had bathed and made her own bed and was exhausted, but competent to issue orders. She had a list of registry offices and requirements ready, Flick having broken the news that morning in a fury.

"Poor pet, Flick, she was so upset!" his sister was saying. "She wanted to give a party to-night, and now it's all got to be off. One is only young once."

"I'm not sure that once isn't enough," said Samuel Saunders.

He came back from a round of registry offices to a miserable cold lunch at two.

"I've persuaded the woman to come back and cook to-night, and after to-night her sister will oblige from four o'clock till nine—but at one and six an hour!"

"Oh, Sam, what a good thing you've retired, dear! What should we have done if you hadn't been able to see to things a bit. Dear, I'm dreadfully sorry—but you'll have to do some ordering. The woman hasn't time honestly! She and I have made out a list."

He was worn out when he had finished the shopping. He couldn't remove from his mind the conviction that it was inadequate and effeminate for a man to be ordering soap flakes, porridge, and the like. He felt curiously depressed as he sat down at a little table in a tea-room crowded with women, and ordered tea.

They played a familiar waltz tune and all his spent youth was suddenly in it. He might have married and had a charming wife of his own, charming unspoiled sons and daughters. But now he was old and tired, and his life had gone in service.

He sat there brooding about it all; and then suddenly he saw her coming towards him, tall and slender and silver-haired.

She wore a silver lace dress, and she carried in her hand a piece of silver card-board with the name Moorland Mist on it. She was rather like his sister Charlotte. But this woman had never suggested mentally, physically or emotionally. She was taut and poised, and charmingly self-possessed.

On impulse he spoke to her. "That's a delightful gown."

The silver-haired mannequin smiled down at him. "I like wearing it," she said.



Suddenly the hall was full of young men and women, staring at Samuel.

peared before he could catch her eye, but eventually she re-emerged, this time in a black afternoon gown. She smiled at him. She carried in her hand another piece of silver card-board with the word "Dignity" on it.

He heard himself say, "I like that frightfully."

"Do you? Did your sister like the silver gown?"

"She adored it," he lied instantly. "How much is that?"

"Twelve guineas."

"I'd like it for my sister," he said. "I wonder if you would tell me your name?"

"Margaret Strong. Mrs. Frederick Strong."

"Yes, I saw you were married."

"I am a widow."

"It's rather an impertinence, but have you any children?"

"No. I've always been sorry."

"My name," he said, "is Samuel Saunders."

"Yes, I know. I took your order."

"Do you live around here?" he asked boldly.

"Oh yes, I have to live near my work. I have to get here at nine-thirty in the morning."

Before the month was up he had added to the collection a wine-colored sports suit, price seven guineas, and a negligee trimmed with eggshell-blue swansdown, price fifteen guineas.

"I'm just crackers," he mused, using a phrase of Flick's.

A registry office had put him in touch with a girl in Guildford, a general with excellent references. The family were so tired of chores and chafers that they had persuaded him to go down and interview the girl personally. If she was at all possible he was to engage her.

He had been glad to escape into the country. Mollie and Flick were going to a big dance with their own crowd, and the air had been thick with fuss and ineffectual preparation.

He lingered on in Guildford, walking about the quaint old town. A giant moon hung in the sky before he returned, and he was filled with a pleasant peace.

He came home to racketing noise, voices and high-pitched laughter.

He sneaked into his own room, and on the bed was a brightly-colored evening dress, and sitting at the dressing-table a young woman in filmy negligee. She turned as she saw his reflection in the mirror and was not a whit abashed.

She said, "Oh, you must be the uncle! Look here, I'm frightfully sorry—we've got your room."

A man adjusting evening dress studs turned to say casually, "I do hope we're not putting you out, sir. It was your niece's idea that Gladys and I should stay the night. We come from Yorkshire."

He said, "Oh, not at all!"

But suddenly he knew he had reached the limit of long years of endurance. Shutting the door with a shaking hand, he confronted Flick in a yellow evening gown.

Please turn to page 30

MURDER FOR TEA

Our thrilling new serial . . .
By **EDITH HOWIE**

The story so far:

RETURNING with her author husband, **SHAWN COSGRAVE**, to visit her **AUNT LIDE** at her home town, **Nashiona**, **KIT COSGRAVE** finds jealousy and unhappiness rife among her girlhood friends as beautiful **CHATTY PHILLIPS** is breaking up their married homes.

At a reception arranged in Shawn's honor by **MRS. SPENCER**, President of the Woman's Club, Chatty smuggles a package to Kit asking her to give it to **TOM ROBERTSON** without letting **EVE**, his wife, know. Before Kit can do this, Chatty takes a sip from her cup at afternoon tea and falls dead.

Now read on.

I HAVE no words to make plain the pandemonium that ensued upon that speech; the women who wept and the ones who fainted, thereby causing several other near-murder scares, and the five or six who did their best to slip away, someone putting in a call for Dr. Hunter and an ambulance, and someone else frantically canvassing the bars and taverns where it was reasonable to believe John Phillips might be found.

Mrs. Spencer, pale as milk, staring at Shawn and saying in a harsh half-whisper, "But if it's murder, we must call the police"; and of Shawn, taking the telephone from her shaking hand and saying gently, "May I not do it for you?"

She held his hand. "Can't we wait for Dr. Hunter?"

Shawn shook his head. "It will be of no use. Dr. Hunter can do nothing. There's not a doubt in the world about it—she's dead."

It all seems queer and distorted and unreal even now, as though a nightmare had come to life. All about me, I saw white frightened faces. Those women fortunate enough to have husbands present were clinging to them. The others had simply huddled together after the manner of sheep encircled by danger.

I think it was Bishop Maitland who constituted himself spokesman for the group. He said, "Is there nothing we can do?" And Shawn said quickly and sternly in a voice I'd never heard him use before. "Yes! We can see to it that no one leaves this place until the police arrive!"

The bishop said, "How many doors are there?" as though he'd never seen the building before. After a second that appeared to stretch endlessly into eternity, Mrs. Spencer said faintly that she believed there were two—the main entrance on Maple Street and a tradesmen's door in the rear for deliveries.

There was another moment of silence and then Shawn said briskly, "Well, if we know that, and no doubt we can expect the police at the front door—Bishop Maitland, would you be meeting them? And preventing anyone from leaving, of course!"

It seemed to me that Bishop Maitland's fine old face had aged a dozen years in the last few minutes. He said, "Certainly, Mr. Cosgrave," and turned away, his shoulders bowed with what must have been a new weight of the world's sorrow.

"For the other door," Shawn said and then paused to smile suddenly. "It's handicapped, I am," he confessed, his Irish very much to the fore, "by not having the names of you to speak out the way the good bishop would be knowing them."



JOHN
PANTRY

"So you did see someone! Who was it?"
Shawn demanded.

But there's one face among you I am knowing—Mr. Robertson—

I gave a little jump at that. Because I'd forgotten Tom Robertson and the packet I still held in charge for him. For just a moment I toyed with the idea of confronting Tom with it then and there—of forcing him to explain before them all just what the packet was and why it was to be so secretly given.

But just at that moment my eyes met Eve's troubled ones, and I didn't. I couldn't. And then Tom Robertson was saying, "I'll keep the back," and walking heavily away and it was too late.

Dr. Hunter got there before the police. He strode in looking neither to right nor left, his worn

black bag—so sadly useless here—clutched in one hand, his bushy eyebrows drawn to make a single line above his eyes.

He spoke to no one and no one spoke to him, but the way cleared before him as though by magic and he walked straight to where Chatty's body slumped within its chair. He paused to sniff delicately.

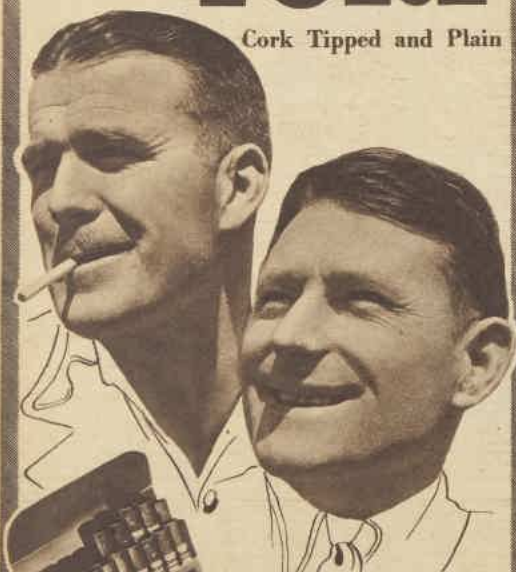
"Cyanide," he muttered, and then looked shrewdly up at Shawn who had come to stand, arms folded, beside him.

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We too, smoke

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whatever you're
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DANGER ZONE

By . . .

JOHN STURDY



"Listen, skipper," said Mike. "This is a matter of life and death."

THE first time we saw Freddy we were at the beach, trying to turn our nightclub tan into a real one.

Sally was there, and three or four friends, and we were stretched out on the sand when Freddy came walking slowly toward us.

He was alone, and I suppose he wanted company. He was wearing a bathing suit, and the first thing we noticed about him was his legs. I guess they shocked us, because when he said "Hello" no one answered.

You can't help staring at something like that. And after he said "Hello," and there was no reply, I suppose he realised why we were staring, because a little smile appeared on his lips as he stood looking down at us.

"I was burned," he said suddenly. "In oil."

Then he walked away, along the beach near the edge of the water. We were so surprised we didn't say anything.

Then Sally got up from where she had been lying, a sight pretty enough for any man's eyes. I play the piano for Sally, and when we are on the floor I might as well be a mechanical juke-box for all the attention I get from the customers all the time she's singing.

Sally walked after Freddy, and I followed. We reached him just before he entered the water. He was a good-looking boy, with one of those faces you like as soon as you see it, and his English accent didn't sound like you hear in motion pictures.

"Mind if we join you?" Sally asked.

He looked surprised and pleased. "I'd be glad," he said. "Thanks very much."

Together they swam out about fifty yards. I would have gone with them, but my swimming has been done mostly in bathtubs, and so I stayed there on the shore and waited. They were talking as they swam. I could hear their voices above the sound of their arms and feet churning the water, and Sally's laugh now and again. When they came back to the shore, all dripping wet, they acted almost like old friends.

Freddy came along with us to the beach restaurant, where we had frankfurters and coffee. In a suit of clothes, with those bad-looking legs of his hidden from sight, he was a handsome lad. The rest of the crowd soon forgot about the legs.

He was pretty shy. I suppose we were strange sort of people to him—a singer, a piano player, a couple of chorus girls. We talked and acted differently from him. He was baffled by some of the conversation, but he looked interested, as though he wanted to understand.

Sally monopolised him pretty much. He wasn't so shy with her; he seemed glad when he could talk to her.

"What's your business?" I asked him.

"I'm a wireless operator," he said. "We're over here to take a ship back. We're staying at the Central Hotel."

"Back where?" I asked.

"To England."

One of the girls piped up: "My, that's dangerous, isn't it?"

"Yes, it can be, rather," he said.

SALLY was looking at him with a funny expression in her eyes. Someone had put a nickel in the machine, and she asked him if he'd like to dance. They danced quite a few numbers together.

It was Sally who learned about his legs. It seemed he had been aboard an oil tanker off the south coast of England. Just after dark on a calm night, they had been shelled and torpedoed by a U-boat. Some of the crew, including their naval gunner, had been blown to bits. Others had jumped into the sea and choked to death in the oil that ran out and coated the water. The engine-room crew, Freddy said, never had a chance.

Freddy was one of the luckier ones. He got into the only life-boat they were able to launch. "I was so knocked out with shock," he told Sally, "I didn't even know I was hurt."

He spent three months in hospital while the doctors tried to do something with his burned and battered legs, and eventually they succeeded in getting him on his feet again.

I heard this from Sally, and it surprised me. I had read about these things in the papers and seen them in the newsreels, but you don't expect to come across anything like that on a city beach—walking right up to you and saying "Hello."

"They don't know when they're going to sail," Sally said. "Isn't it funny—they want to get back. They're hoping every day their ship will be ready."

I asked her what they would do with this boat they were taking over, and she said that was up to the British Ministry of Shipping. Probably they would be carrying supplies.

"You mean they're going back into that bombfest?" I asked, and I took an extra gulp of the beer I was drinking at the time. "Sally," I said, "if I ever did any grousing, my mouth is shut from now on. I'm beginning to think I'm a lucky guy."

She smiled at me. "You know, Mike," she said, "he's a nice boy. He hasn't any friends here. None of them have. They just sit around the lobby all day, and go to some cheap dive at night. I think I'll go out with him."

"When?" I wanted to know.

"To-night."

"You're forgetting Bruce," I reminded her.

She frowned a little. "Yes," she said after a moment. "I didn't think of Bruce."

In my opinion, I told her, not thinking of Bruce was bad business. In our racket there are people who can do things for you. I've read the publicity stories about the little

dame who was singing in some two-by-four place, and the big producer who walked in and cried, "Magnificent!" and made her a star before she could turn around. If that really happens, then I've been missing a lot in fifteen years of banging a piano.

But there are people who can help you along—connections. And Bruce Henderson was a good connection. Bruce was a swell person, and he liked Sally. As far as I knew, Sally liked him.

Please turn to page 29

feel that filmy coating



The tongue test says.

"use

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SMART DOG

**Humorous story of
a marine and his
troublesome pet**

by

**WILLIAM
O'FARRELL**



What's the attraction? More chow to feed your ugly carcass with?"

"No, sarje. I don't care about the chow for myself. But my dog don't get enough to eat just hanging around eating casual. He needs—"

Satchel's hasty retreat was a model of military tactics. Smedley came out of hiding and waddled close behind him.

Sergeant O'Leary watched them from his window. He sighed as he considered those three weeks at the rifle range yet to come, that final phase of the platoon's training which would culminate in Major Wallace's personal interview of the men.

It was that interview that he dreaded, for, by the major's reaction to his platoon, he—and his chances for promotion and transfer to a more congenial job—stood or fell.

"Stoddard," he called, and his assistant stepped to his side.

"Yes, sarje."

"We've got just one chance, Stoddard. Keep Satchel out of the way. His dog will stay wherever he is, so see to it that he stays hid. Put him on the mess hall list and keep him there; it isn't likely that Wallace will inspect the galley."

Three weeks went by.

Major Rupert Wallace was tired of his wife's conversation. He put down his paper and asked Mrs. Wallace a reasonable question: "My dear, is it my fault that Colonel Leach's poodles have the mange? Is it my fault that the female of the pair is going to have puppies while in this distressful condition?"

Mrs. Wallace raised her majestic bulk from her chair and glared at her inquiring helpmate. "I would like to know," she demanded, "what the colonel's poodles have to do with our going to his dinner party?"

"Well," the major explained, "the reason we haven't been invited, my love, is because the colonel's poodles have the mange."

His wife looked at him curiously. "Are you completely insane?" she asked.

"No, my dear," he told her. "I have something much worse the matter with me. I happen to have risen to my present exalted state through the ranks."

"That doesn't make me any worse an officer, but it does make me somewhat less socially desirable, if you know what I mean. It also makes me the nearest convenient scapegoat for the colonel's bad humor."

"You know perfectly well that the only reason he keeps me around this post is so he can have somebody to pick on. He knows I'd give my right arm for a transfer to some tropical or Asiatic post."

"I'm going out to the rifle range, now, to interview a platoon of men who have just finished training. They'll be pretty good men, too, do you see?" O'Leary, the sergeant who has trained them, is the best drill instructor I have.

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SERGEANT! "Sir?" "Is it customary in your platoon to allow the men to carry pets in their kit-bags?"

Sergeant O'Leary looked inquiringly at the inspecting officer. He was not at all sure that he had heard correctly.

Major Wallace returned the stare. "Perhaps," he suggested coldly, "if you'd be good enough to look behind you—"

O'Leary turned and saw a wind-swept parade ground, a platoon of marines drawn up for formal pack inspection, and in the exact centre of one lanky private's inspection blanket among his various articles of personal belongings and Government issue—a fat bulldog named Smedley—Smedley sitting wheezingly erect for the entire battalion and Major Wallace to see.

The sergeant's wooden face turned suddenly from a light maple tint to a ripe mahogany. Major Wallace's cold voice sliced in on his unhappy thoughts:

"I asked you a question, sergeant. Is it customary to allow your men to carry pets in their kit-bags?"

"No, sir."

"Then, how else did that—that animal get there?"

"I don't know, sir."

"See that it is removed at once."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And don't let it happen again."

"No, sir."

When the sergeant, released at last, stamped into his quarters, Corporal Stoddard, the assistant drill instructor, followed him at a safe distance. And he took the precaution of first collaring Private Satchel and bringing him along. Satchel was the name of the offending marine.

The two waited glumly outside O'Leary's door and, after a moment, the door opened and the sergeant appeared. He beckoned them in.

O'Leary had himself in hand. He looked the culprit over grimly.

"Well, Satchel?" he asked.

"Yep?"

"What do you mean, 'yep'? Can't you say 'yes'?"

"Yeah."

"Yes, what?"

"Yeah, sergeant."

O'Leary wondered if it was any use.

"What's your name?"

"Satchel."

O'Leary's well-controlled temper showed signs of getting out of hand.

"Is it customary to allow your men to carry pets in their kit-bags?" Major Wallace demanded coldly.

"How many times," he roared, have I to tell you that your name ain't William Satchel or George Satchel or Percy Satchel any more. It's Private Satchel. How many times have I got to tell you that when you talk to me you got to call me sergeant?"

"And how many times have I got to tell you you'll have to get rid of that moth-eaten dog of yours? How many times have I told you that already?"

"Lots of times, sergeant."

THEN a winning smile broke over Satchel's face. "But sarje," he explained, "Smedley didn't mean no harm. He was just lonesome. Smedley's a smart dog." "Then put him in a circus," O'Leary told him. "Do anything you like with him, but keep him away from my platoon. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, sarje," dejectedly.

"Okay." The sergeant paused a minute, then went on more kindly.

"Listen, Satchel," he said. "I don't think you're really a bad sort of guy. Not at heart. And you like me, don't you? I've always been kind to you, ain't I?"

"Sure." "Sure I have. Well, for three years now I've been trying to get Major Wallace to put a diamond under these stripes on my arm. I've been trying for top sergeant for three whole years."

"I've put out one good platoon after another, but in every one there's always been one guy like you. And that one guy has been just enough excuse for Major Wallace to keep me where I am."

"Sure seems tough," Satchel agreed.

"Tough is the exact word for it," the sergeant told him. "But it's going to be even tougher for you if you don't snap out of it and get rid of that dog. Do you want me to recommend you for the Cooks and Bakers' School?"

Satchel seemed undecided. "Well, no. But—"

"But what? You don't like to work in the mess hall, do you?"

- And so, John, I am returning your engagement ring -



TWO MONTHS from our wedding day—then Wendy's fateful letter.... True, I had noticed her growing coyness once in twice. But THIS, I never expected.



THE DAYS seemed so long—how could I get through them! One night I tuned in to "Australia's Amateur Hour." The announcer was mentioning "E.O."



WAS THAT why SHE changed—because I had stopped using Lifebuoy? I decided to take no chances.... M'm that Lifebuoy lather felt great!



LAST WEEK I met HER by accident. This time I was sure of myself. Soon, I hope, she will be mine once more.



LIFEBUOY
- better
than ever

A LEVER PRODUCT



SON, Arthur MacArthur, four-year-old son of General and Mrs. Douglas MacArthur.

Mrs. MacArthur arrived in 1937 wedding coat

Her son world's luckiest kid, say Aussie youngsters

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

When Mrs. MacArthur arrived in Australia she was wearing a beige wool coat with fox collar which she had worn on her wedding day in New York in 1937.

Now more than ever the coat has sentimental value to her, as with two gingham frocks it was the only portion of her wardrobe that she brought with her from Manila. She took the coat to the Philippines after her wedding and kept it carefully, though the tropical climate made its use unnecessary.

"YES, that's the same old coat," she said smilingly when she was shown the picture in *The Australian Women's Weekly* of herself and husband on their wedding day in America.

Mrs. MacArthur had read the story in *The Australian Women's Weekly* of February 28, titled *America's No. 1 Heroine*.

This told for the first time in Australia how she had stayed beside her husband in the Battle for the Philippines.

"Someone showed it to me on the train coming from Adelaide," she said, and added that the picture of her husband was excellent.

Her little son Arthur has captured the imagination of Australians. This small boy with the great brown eyes like his mother's has had more adventure in the last six months than many a grown man sees in a lifetime.

Australian youngsters go pop-eyed when they think of "the luck of the kid" . . . zooming across a battle zone in a fantastically speedy Q-boat, dodging a Japanese destroyer, flying from some mysteriously unnamed island to Darwin, taking his first train ride, then facing a cheering multitude on his official Australian arrival.



GENERAL MacARTHUR, hero of the Philippines, Pacific leader of the Allies.

Now he is settling down well in Melbourne.

On his second day he was taken for a shopping tour, and in a few hours his mother had a complete new wardrobe for him.

Gone were the long trousers, loose jacket, and soldier's cap. And Ar-

thur now wears short pants, a brown blouse and cardigan and a beret.

As Mrs. MacArthur stated that her main job is to look after the General and Arthur, she did all her shopping for the little boy before she started on any for herself.

Then, with her next thought for Arthur's Chinese amah, she bought a new wardrobe for her of warmer type than that which she wore on her arrival.

I met Arthur with his amah on an expedition to the gardens.

As he stepped from the car he broke away from the hand of Lau Gau and ran ahead. At a word from her he returned, and politely shook hands with me, and as an afterthought added, "Good afternoon," and pointed to a butterfly which he ran to chase.

Our cameraman asked him to pose for us, and Arthur did so with an amusing lack of expression which gave no clue whatever to what he was thinking.

I asked him if he had seen the ducks in the pond, and his eyes lit up. He looked at his amah, and Colonel Moorhouse, who promised to take him across the gardens later on.

A group of soldiers marching caught his eye, and he wandered towards them.

"He loves to march better than anything," said Lau Gau, in her soft English-American speech. She has never spoken a word of Chinese to Arthur.

He usually likes to carry one of his toys about with him, and Lau Gau told me that she had intended to bring his miniature cigarette-holder and lighter.

"He likes to pretend that he is smoking, like his father," she said.

It is hoped that very soon the General's son will attend a school for children of his own age, as he has not been able to play with other children for some time.

Happily running across the grass in the gardens, Arthur looked back to wave good-bye, thought better of it, came and shook hands again with a polite "Good-bye, thank you" . . .

After life in the Philippines, where he was accustomed to an afternoon siesta, the little boy takes his rest here, but according to his amah he



WIFE, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, wearing the coat which she has kept for sentimental reasons since her wedding in 1937.

is always waiting for his afternoon outing.

It was on her third day in Australia that Mrs. MacArthur went on an extensive shopping tour for herself and her husband.

One of her first purchases was a soft blue woollen suit buttoned high to the neck. With it went a white turban and bag to match.

In one of the big stores she bought hairbrushes, a comb, hairpins, and the dozen and one other little things which she needed.

When asked if she found our money system difficult she laughed and said, "Well, I can spend it without any trouble."

Australian women have tremendous admiration for this youngster's mother who says so quietly in her soft Southern drawl: "My job is to

look after the General and our little son Arthur."

What that job has meant for Jean MacArthur in the months just past is a story that has yet to be told. We don't need to be told that the battle of the Philippines has been no picnic.

Mrs. MacArthur and Arthur took the field with the General when the lightning Japanese attack forced MacArthur and his little army back into the Bataan Peninsula.

She might easily have taken one of the many ships that brought women and children to safety out of the bombed harbor of Manila.

But then, as now, she said, "My job is to look after the General and little Arthur," and she stuck to the job.

It is typical of her that her first message to the women of Australia was, "Look after your men and work for them."

MRS. MacARTHUR GOES SHOPPING

Page 9

THE EVATTS, Australia's political married couple...

Mary Alice helps him when he's making big decisions

By LESLIE HAYLEN

Americans who admire their own greatest political married couple, Franklin Roosevelt and Eleanor, are meeting and liking our political married couple, Dr. Evatt and his wife, Mary Alice Evatt.

When it was announced in Canberra that Dr. Evatt was going to the U.S.A. the statement that Mrs. Evatt would accompany him caused no surprise. Most political pressmen know that the doctor and his wife are inseparable.

Theirs has been a political partnership from the very outset of their married life, when the rising young barrister, Bert Evatt, married Mary Alice Sheffer, a University student.

MR. EVATT, Mary Alice to thousands of people in the Labor Movement, and MAS (a play on her initials) to her husband, is a better speaker than her husband. He says so himself.

One of Dr. Evatt's critics once said he had a voice like a Calvinist reformer with a grouse against the devil. Mary Alice has a voice that is bright and human with still a trace of American accent, although she left her country when she was two.

During the struggle years of the Evatts, Mary Alice helped her husband with his political work.

She addressed meetings, handed out dodgers, typed letters, and ran messages. When the political fight is on the doctor is a hard and demanding taskmaster.

Young Peter, son of the Evatts and now a strapping young lad in the Defence Forces, often slept soundly in the back of the hall while Bert and Mary Alice made speeches from the platform.

Mrs. Evatt told me once that Peter had slept the session through in more halls and library institutes than any other child in Australia in those early days.

Fame came quickly to Dr. Evatt. When he went abroad to appear before the Privy Council in the



DR. EVATT, on a special mission to the U.S.A., has impressed Americans with his drive and energy. —Dorothy Welding photo.

Upper House case, Mrs. Evatt accompanied him. They were both mad on cricket, and a Test match was being played in Australia.

The young barrister and his wife arrived in Honolulu, took a cab to the British Consulate, and after brief formalities asked, "Who's winning—what's the score?" The consul was a Test-match addict, and a good time was had by all.

While big fees are paid to Dr. Evatt for his legal opinion, the

opinions he seeks in the crises of his life are those of his wife.

It was Mary Alice who had the final say on his re-entry into politics.

"For forty-eight hours my wife and I have been talking this over," said Dr. Evatt in announcing his retirement from the High Court bench to contest the Barton seat in the Federal elections.

When the fight was won and politics absorbed more and more of Dr. Evatt's time, Mrs. Evatt left her Mosman home and moved to Canberra. In a comfortable flat in Forrest, not too far from the Commonwealth Parliament, she made another home.

Dr. Evatt drives himself hard, and it is Mrs. Evatt who sees that he doesn't work beyond all reason.

Many times his overworked staff have blessed Mrs. Evatt for her tact in getting the great man out of his Ministerial office—when the scene seemed set for an eighteen hours session.

She has a magic charm for wafting away his rather Churchillian irritability.

At Canberra she paints a little. She is a good craftsman, but has never let painting go beyond the hobby stage owing to other demands on her time.

Dine celebrities

THE EVATTS like to dine celebrities—and nobodies.

He loves to talk over dinner or let other people talk to him. This propensity for having people to eat with him anywhere provoked one of his friends to remark, "Bert is eating his way to power."

More than a wisecrack, this, for Evatt is interested in people—particularly the people—and he probably knows more people than any other man in Australia.

But no matter how pressing the times, Dr. Evatt reserves one night for dinner a deux—with his wife.

Evatt is at his most lovable with his family.

Mrs. Evatt can take a lot of the credit for this.

I stumbled on this once when sitting in as a Press man on an important conference.

The keynote of the discussion depended on Evatt's reaction. He gave no clue, and had been more silent than usual.

Suddenly his shock head jerked up from his notes. He beckoned his secretary and spoke earnestly to him. The secretary nodded solemnly. I reached for my hat as the secretary made for the door. Side by side we walked down the stairs.

"What did he say, Alan? How is it going?" I plied my questions.



MRS. H. V. EVATT, now in Washington with her husband, Dr. H. V. Evatt.

when the American trip was mooted.

"We are not going away for long, but we are going away to help get more aeroplanes, more guns, more men, to make this country safe for all the children in it."

One of Dr. Evatt's last commissions to his secretary before he left for the U.S.A. was to get a present sent to Rosaleen, a white

handbag and a croquet set. She is staying with friends in the country during her parents' visit to America.

A lot of this humanity, this ability of the doctor to have a private life in the welter of politics and the war, is due to his partner—in politics and matrimony—Mary Alice.

"Funny man, the boss," said the grinning secretary, "he wants me to get another sheep for his daughter Rosaleen's toy farmyard—"

Another typical Evatt touch is the letter he left young Rosaleen

War prisoners study for victory jobs

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

Hundreds of our boys in prison camps in Europe are fitting themselves for post-war jobs. Behind barbed wire entanglements they're taking degrees, embarking on new careers, and continuing interrupted studies.

WHEN they come back they'll be ready to take up life fully qualified for the positions they'll fill.

For this opportunity they've to thank a woman—Miss Ethel Herdman, M.A.—whose drive and imagination are accomplishing wonders in the education of prisoners.

Examinations are now taking place in German prison camps on every conceivable subject from law to banking, surveying to sanitary engineering.

Torpedoed seamen may qualify under the Officers' Training Board, gunners may become civil engineers.

Ethel Herdman works at the famous New Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Her assistants are University dons, her director the Master of Balliol. Undergrads lend a helping hand in their off-study hours, and her headquarters is the Palace of St. James in a room that for centuries has been the banqueting hall of the Gentlemen-at-Arms.

But red leather chairs and banqueting tables are now covered with packets of sealed examination papers and expensive text-books, and the "Gentlemen" are replaced by girl packers, methodically labelling, parceling, and posting.

Here I met Miss Herdman. She has a penetrating blue eye, a thin, high-cheek-boned face, and fair hair pushed back from a wide forehead.

She speaks briskly as she outlines what has been done and what is to be done.

She's a woman of quick decisions and no respecter of red tape, and by her direct approach to various governing bodies she's enabled her prisoner-of-war pupils to take exactly

Win Shirley doll or Rooney boxing-gloves

EXTRA special prizes of a glorious Shirley Temple doll and a splendid set of Mickey Rooney boxing-gloves, gifts of these stars themselves, are waiting to be won in the £5000 Red Cross Dream Home Art Union.

Every ticket-holder whose ticket butt is in by April 18 will have a chance to win one of these wonderful special prizes in addition to the Dream Home itself.

For details, see page 30.

the same examinations as their more fortunate friends in England.

Australian prisoners of war are among those taking study courses, but so far they can take only English examinations.

"A young soldier to-day wants more than thrillers and light fiction to counteract the monotony of captivity," Miss Herdman explained.

"So I took charge of the educational books section of the Red Cross and over 47,000 have been sent.

"But men also need an incentive to study, so I worked in with various educational and public bodies and we've arranged wherever practicable that students may sit for exams and be awarded their certificates or degrees."

The Australian Women's Weekly Red Cross Dream Home Art Union hopes to raise many thousands of pounds for Australian prisoners of war.



DR. EVATT gives his daughter Rosaleen a good-bye kiss as he leaves home with a busy day ahead.

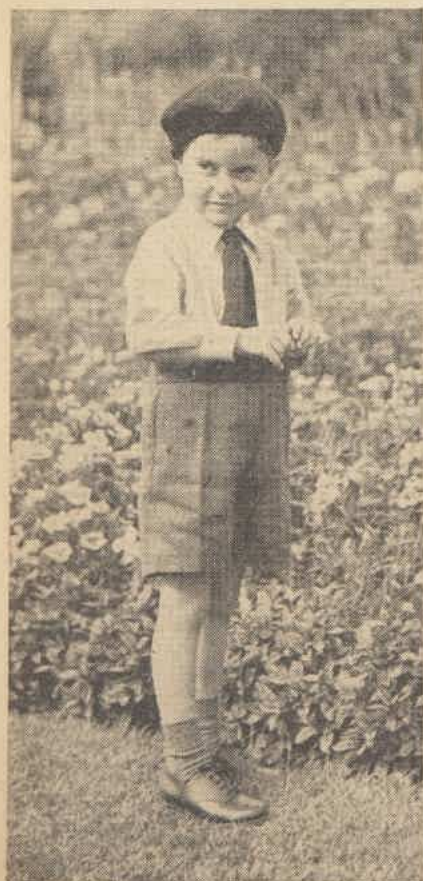
SHOPPING ...with Mrs. MacArthur



MRS. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR signs an autograph for A.C.I. Noel Kennedy while out on her very necessary shopping tour.



THIS LUCKY SALESGIRL sold Mrs. MacArthur some brushes. The General's wife also purchased an electric iron and ironing board.



ARTHUR went to the park while his mother shopped. This is the outfit she bought him.

ARTHUR VISITS PARK



LAU GAU, Arthur MacArthur's amah, took him for his first walk in an Australian park.

NEW FROCK. Mrs. MacArthur, escorted by Colonel Huff, leaves frock shop with a pleased smile about her purchase.



CONFUSED about Australian money, Mrs. MacArthur suggested to salesgirl that she help herself to a couple of notes.

Editorial

APRIL 4, 1942

THE GLOVES ARE OFF...

ATACK has ever been the best form of defence.

It has been proved over and over again in the sporting arena, and that is why Australians will appreciate the fighting spirit of the propaganda now being developed by the Department of Information.

Too long have they been fed literary and vocal pap of the "We-can-win-if-you'll-only-help-us" type. Defeatist stuff!

Now they are getting real propaganda—literary and vocal burgoon with plenty of body in it.

"Make them fear the name of Anzac!"

That is the slogan of the Government advertising now, and it truly expresses the fighting spirit of the Australian.

No "pussyfoot" stuff for the Anzac. He doesn't understand it.

"They asked for it—let us give them war as only Anzacs can wage it. The whole might of Japan cannot prevail against seven million Australians who have made up their minds to go fighting mad—to go out and meet the enemy!"

To use a favorite colloquialism of Australians—"That's the stuff for the troops."

And just as it spurs the Australian soldier so does it awaken every fighting corpuscle in the blood of every other Australian.

"We shall win this war!"

That is the spirit of the Australian, bred in him or her by the pioneers.

In the homes, in the factories, in the streets and shops and offices—blazon it forth, "Make them fear the Anzacs!"

That is fighting food for a fighting people.

—THE EDITOR.

BROOME has always been a town of adventure

Bombs are only its latest hazard

By H. DRAKE-BROCKMAN

The Japs have bombed Broome and Wyndham. And, suddenly, to me, who once lived in both places, the war seems very real and close.

I think of Broome as Australia's No. 1 glamor town. It was developed mainly to flatter the vanity of women.

At least it is reasonable to suppose that there would have been no Broome, way up on the north-west coast, if women didn't adore pearls, and if pearls weren't to be found in the big white shells the Jap divers used to fish from fathoms deep beneath the sea.

I ALWAYS remember an old Cingalese pearl cleaner in Broome who had a ring set with twelve different jewels. I know it sounds somewhat more than bizarre, but it was an exquisite thing in reality.

The Cingalese are great lovers of jewels; to watch that man's dark fingers peel a pearl as you or I might peel the skin from an onion, until it emerged perfect, was an exhibition of an artist's craft.

His variegated ring was a little masterpiece of color blending. At this time of year Broome itself will be looking very like that lovely strange ring.

It is the "Wet." The rainy season. So the town will be extra beautiful.

Poinciana trees aflame—a mass of scarlet blossom—purple bougainvillea, pink and white oleanders, red dirt roads lined by foot-high emerald grasses; and always the turquoise sea, the most beautiful sea in the world, as it ebbs and flows in Roebuck Bay, now lapping the mangrove fringe on the beach, now far off and magic on the horizon.

The tide at Broome is phenomenal: twice in twenty-four hours it rises and falls twenty-eight feet. At the end of the mile-long jetty ships are left high and dry.

Saturday nights

LIFE as lived in Broome is unique in Australia. In normal times the colored population much more than doubles the white.

It's a polyglot crowd, best seen at the pictures every Saturday night.

The binghie—that's what everyone calls our Australian natives—have to sit right in front. They really enjoy the show more than all the rest of the audience put together.

Wild-West films are most popular. After all, there is a solitary cattle station behind Broome, and to them it was rather like seeing their own life, except for the chaps and revolvers!

The natives do all the household chores in Broome. They look after the gardens with which pearls' bungalows are surrounded.



BROOME township, on Australia's north-west coast.

Some women even boast of having taught the gins to cook well. I never tried!

And as a rule the white women do their own cooking, even when their husbands are master-pearlers or Government officials.

Way over to the left, back at the pictures, sit the Malays—these are all men, lugger crews, indentured to man the boats and not allowed to work anywhere off the foreshore or their boats.

In the back-centre sit the well-to-do Chinese storekeepers and the arrogant little Jap divers, or did till two months ago.

The Japs held a monopoly of pearl-diving for years. An effort was once made to train Chinese and Malays, but it wasn't successful. The Japs seem to have the knack.

Of course, it is a highly dangerous game, as the crowded Japanese cemetery behind Broome proclaims.

On the right hand of the picture-show aisle sit the Australian pearlers—only I must say there is among them a goodly scattering of adventurers from all over the world.

By adventurers I mean men with a taste for variety, some of them at last anchored by luggers.

Just the sort of men you'd expect to be pearlers. With just the sort of histories to make you think of, say, Somerset Maugham's novels. "The Dutch East Indies, the Yukon, China, Mexico, Malaya—a kaleidoscopic background."

After the show, people eat long soup in chop-suey shops down Sheba Lane... dark and mysterious.



BEACHED pearling lugger. Broome, once a centre of pearling activity, has been the target of Japanese bombs.

Eventually I got my wish and went below, with a white diver directing me from above.

It was a marvellous sensation. It really is like being in a world of one's own, under water.

It feels a bit queer being screwed into the steel helmet; the weight of the breast-plate and shoulder weights, not to mention the fourteen-pound boots, is terrific.

And you feel like a hippopotamus (AND look like one!) in the huge canvas rubber-lined suit, beneath which you don sweaters and so forth.

But underneath! At first I plodded on stolidly, then I found myself panting, then my glass eye-piece began to get frosted with breath.

I'd been shown where to use a valve to fill my mouth with sea water to spit over the glass in order to clear it.

Somehow I didn't fancy that!

Underwater world

I TUGGED two tugs at my life-line, shut another valve to inflate, and soared to the surface. The old diver laughed like a schoolboy. He'd been spying on me with a water-glass.

"You tear along as if you're catching the express. Spring off your toes—lightly, like Pavlova..."

I thought of the "Dying Swan," and considered my fourteen-pounders... but down I went. And off my toes I sprang.

It worked. It was marvellous—I waded along in my new element feeling graceful as a fish. The water lay green as a Japanese print, long sunbeams came reaching down like searchlights from a world less beautiful.

I put my hand out sharply to catch a fish—but water stills noise and checks ungainly action.

I saw my own hand stretch towards that fish with the graceful gesture of a great actress.

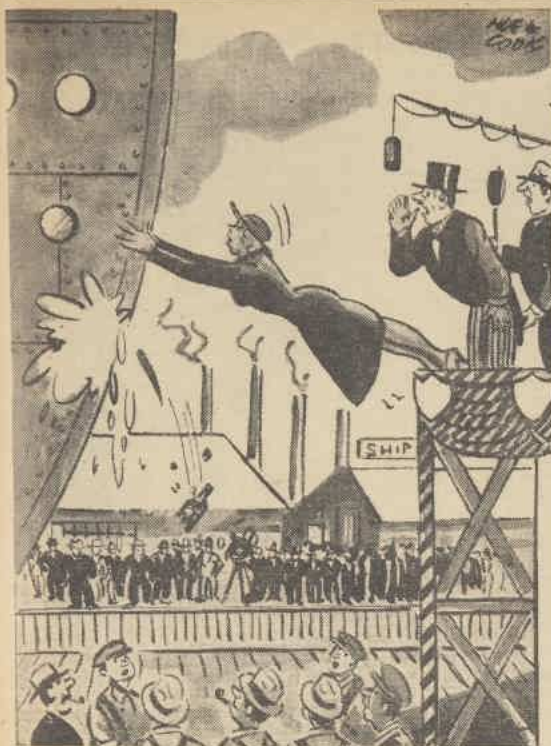
But the fish swam away without taking the least notice. A bad audience!

I did gather a live star from the ocean floor; I have it still, just to remind myself of the beautiful world so few people have ever been lucky enough to see.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

A RATION OF FUN



"No, no, let it go, Mrs. Bolton—it's supposed to do that."

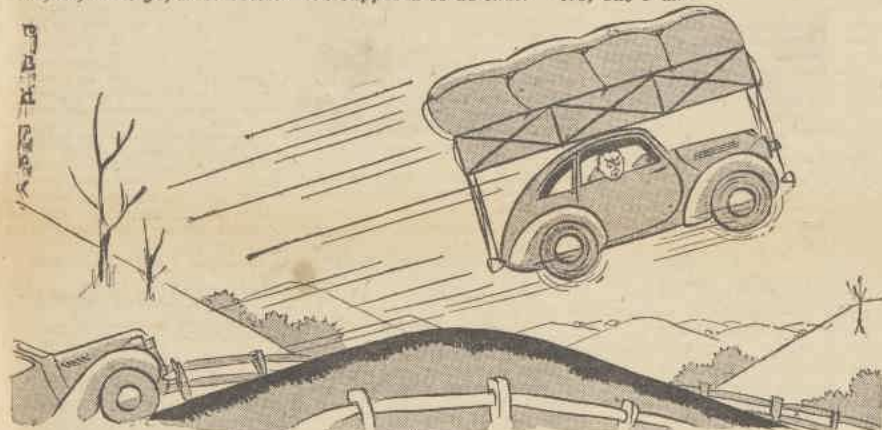


"You haven't beaten these eggs enough."
 "Why, the book says, 'Beat the eggs until stiff!'"
 "Well, they're not stiff yet."
 "No, but I am."

WINNIE THE WAR WINNER



"Well, Major, they told me we were going onto iron rations to-day."



"Darn these gas bags."



"So it doesn't look tempting, eh? What did you expect for 1/6—a mermaid?"

£1000 for an Australian Novel

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

£2000 FICTION CONTEST

Entries for the Short Story section, for which £1000 has been allotted, closed on March 31.

But keep sending stories in. Although not eligible for the competition, they may be up to publication standard, and if so will be paid for at the highest rates. The

SERIAL CONTEST

is still open. In this, the greatest fiction quest ever conducted in the Commonwealth, The Australian Women's Weekly is giving £1000 for

the best Australian novel suitable for a serial. It should be from 70,000 to 90,000 words. ENTRIES CLOSE ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1942.

SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES NOW

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used

"ON the right, form platoon," roared the sergeant. The resultant manoeuvre left him speechless for a minute. Then his voice returned:
 "All right, now take your partners for the lancers."

"WE'VE been married a week, dear, and we've had stew every day."
 "Jack, you don't know what pains I take, but however I try, it always turns out stew."

A YOUNG doctor received a phone call from a colleague, inviting him to make a fourth at bridge.
 "Got to go out, dear?" asked his wife sympathetically.
 "I'm afraid so," was the grave reply. "It's a very important case. There are three doctors there already."

TWO soldiers were out in no-man's-land. A bullet screamed past them, and they bolted for their lives. When they were somewhat composed, one said to the other:
 "Did you hear that bullet?"
 "Yes," came the reply. "I heard it twice, once when it passed me, and again when I whizzed past it."

"DEAR TEACHER," wrote an indignant mother. "You must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child, and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him unless in self-defence."

Don't let us take it in vain

Continued from page 2

"FORTUNATELY, we were unseen, and landed on our own shore, only to find that the place was full of 'Togos' and our own men gone.

"We sneaked past a couple of outposts and thought we were home and dried when we observed signals coming from behind and being answered from ahead.

"Had we been seen? What lay ahead in the darkness on a road we could not get off?

"I got my hardy little crew and told them that if we were ambushed there was one slim chance—fire and charge with fixed bayonets, seven against whatever was ahead. I can tell you, dearest, we felt alone in the world.

"Sure enough, a challenge and a volley of shots about ten yards ahead. Just as they fired I saw a Jap lying by the side on the road. I shot him and another close by, and yelled for a charge.

"In the space of twenty seconds it was over and we were through, the men yelling and firing enough for a company, the Japs running and squealing everywhere.

"I hurriedly checked my men—two gone. I went back and found one of them looking for his rifle, staggering about the road.

"He said: 'I'm done, the yellow crows got me. Go on and get away.'
 "We dressed his wounds, but the poor lad was done and we left him by the side of the road. I tell you, dear, I had a prayer for him in my heart as we trudged along.

"We pushed on into the jungle for about an hour, and then stopped until daylight. We made our way

back to the road and found it swarming with Japs, so had to stay in the jungle.

"We ate our last biscuit for dinner and set off through the jungle with only the sun to guide us.

"All I had on my feet was a pair of canvas and rubber boots, and no socks. Not one of us had a change of clothing. It rained nearly all the time and we got lost time after time and wandered for four days.

"On the fourth night we found a coconut and had our first meal. Next day we found some bananas and an egg each, and at night a goose with four fowls and a box of matches.

"As we had not seen any Japs that day we had our first camp in a house and a smoke and, bliss, dried our clothes, grilled the fowls, and had a good sleep.

"Three days later, worn out, hardly able to walk, and shivering with cold, we came to a Chinese house. He made some pancakes for us and coffee, beautifully, and showed us the way to the bridge across the river where our own men were.

"We were desperate, so I decided to make our way through in daylight, and we did without one Jap sighting us, and across a mine-field.

"On arrival we found the bridge blown down and our men on the other side of the river.

"Then came the crowning disappointment. We hailed our men and they opened fire with machine-guns and artillery, and panted—out of us for a few minutes, but by dint of continuous cooing we got them to stop and they came over in a boat and took us across."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ THE CARTER CASE

James Ellison, Virginia Gilmore. (Republic.)

IN this murder mystery the director apparently tried to cater for all tastes by introducing thrills, comedy, drama, and even a dash of vaudeville. Result is a mildly entertaining film which, however, lacks continuity.

The story deals with the efforts of an attractive reporter, Terry (Virginia Gilmore), to prove that her fiancé, the assistant district attorney (James Ellison), has convicted the wrong man in a recent murder trial.

A second murder supports her case, and leads to the capture of the real culprit.

Virginia and Ellison do their best, and the supporting roles are capably cast.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ KAIDERS OF THE DESERT

Richard Arlen, Andy Devine. (Universal.)

PORTRAYING soldiers of fortune who jump their ship in Arabia, hero Richard Arlen and comedian Andy Devine find themselves mixed up in a desert revolt.

In a democratic community set up in the desert by an American philanthropist they meet pretty Linda Hayes, who is pleasant in her role as the American's young secretary.

You have plenty of excitement and thrills, and flashes of comedy, too, if you like Andy Devine's rather obvious humor.

Action highlight is a pitched battle between Arab raiders and defenders of the desert settlement.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

George Montgomery, Mary Howard. (Fox.)

ZANE GREY'S popular novel is once again brought to the screen and, although it is badly dated, there is still enough action in it to satisfy the average Western fan.

Sly villain Robert Barrat is the head of a band of outlaws who are stealing thousands of acres of land, and want the property owned by Jane (Mary Howard).

They are frustrated by a mysterious handsome stranger (George Montgomery), who, falling in love with the girl, decides to help.

Rough-riding George Montgomery handles his role capably, while Mary Howard plays with refreshing zest.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

THUNDERING FRONTIER

Charles Starrett, Iris Meredith. (Columbia.)

HERE'S a dull Western, with Charles Starrett an incredibly dreary hero and Iris Meredith an equally colorless heroine.

The cowboys, led by Starrett, are an amiable bunch of Boy Scouts, and the villains go about dynamiting trains and shooting up worthy citizens.

There is a good deal of cowboy vocalising and hillbilly songs, which only serve to impede the action of the film.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Blossoms in the Dust. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 15th week.

★★★ Pimpel Smith. Leslie Howard in enthralling adventure.—Lycium; 4th week.

★★★ 49th Parallel. Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier in grand British anti-Nazi adventure drama.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★ Suspicion. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 14th week.

★★ Nothing But the Truth. Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard in amusing farce.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★ Swamp Water. Walter Huston, Walter Brennan in vivid realistic drama.—Plaza; 5th week.

★★ A Yank in the R.A.F. Tyrone Power, Betty Grable in enthralling topical romance.—Regent; 3rd week.

★★ The Feminine Touch. Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche in pleasant marital farce.—St. James; 2nd week.

★ Aloma of the South Seas. Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall in improbable South Seas romance in technicolor.—State; 4th week.

★ The Ghost Train. Arthur Askey, in amusing comedy thriller. Embassy; 3rd week.

Cable news from studios!

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

THE well-known war correspondent, Quentin Reynolds, is reported engaged to ex-film actress Virginia Peine — and by the time you read this they may already be married.

Wendell Wilkie, a close friend of the groom's, is expected to be best man at the wedding.

Virginia, who made films for Warners several years ago, is a Chicago society woman, and is the ex-wife of Edward Lehman—they have a daughter aged nine years. Her romance with George Raft made the headlines several years ago.

REQUESTED by the British Ministry of Information to design an appropriate hair-style for women factory workers, Hollywood stylist Westmore responded with the "Victory Bob."

Smart, attractive, practical, the new coiffure features short curls at the front and sides, while the back is shingled into a V-shape.

YOU will be pleased to know that there is no truth in the rumor, mentioned last week, that Jeanette MacDonald is giving up her screen career. Confirming the report that she has abandoned her summer concert tour this year, Jeanette told me that she will still carry on with films. The rumor arose after Jeanette's husband, Gene Raymond, joined the Army Air Force Combat Command—her friends believed that Jeanette planned to leave Hollywood to be near Gene.

RATED among Hollywood's happiest couples, Claire Trevor and husband Clark Andrews have separated. Claire married Andrews, a radio programme director, over three years ago.

GRETA GARBO evidently still wants to be alone. She has rented a home in Mexico, where she can fly for solitary holidays.

MADELEINE CARROLL has bought a house in Long Island, where she intends to spend a year resting from picture-making.

IN her divorce case against husband Ed Judson, Rita Hayworth this week testified that Judson threatened her with bodily harm unless she made him a \$10,000 property settlement. The case is continuing.



ROTUND COMEDIAN Lou Costello with his pretty wife. With his partner, Bud Abbott, Lou sets off this month on a personal appearance tour to raise £115,000 for the purchase of a bomber.

VISITING the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby set where Paramount is filming the pair's latest farce, "The Road to Morocco," I found Bob dressed in long skirts, his good-humored face framed in white curls, which gleamed with an electric halo. Bob is playing a dual role—that of a deceased aunt, become an angel, and of her nephew. Dressed as a Valentino-type sheik, Anthony Quinn, the villain of the piece, drew shrieks of laughter from onlookers when he tossed Dorothy Lamour across the saddle of his white steed, and galloped into the desert in traditional fashion.

DRIVING a taxi, doing a bubble dance, and delivering a baby are just some of Australian Cecil Kellaway's tasks for his versatile new role in "My Heart Belongs to Daddy."

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has given contracts to eight promising young extras who will be groomed as leading men. Studio knows that the army may yet take them all, but is reckoning on the chance that one, at least, will be left to help fill the depleted ranks of masculine stars.

Disney characters are doing their bit

Cabled from VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

I sat in solitary splendor in Walt Disney's ultra-modern beige projection room and watched Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, the three little pigs, and the seven dwarfs do their bit to win the war.

These popular characters are appearing in a series of short propaganda cartoons for the United States and Canadian Governments.

DONALD DUCK, for instance, learned to pay his income tax with grace, and admonished the audience to do likewise and beat the Axis.

The three little pigs built their house with Canadian War Savings Certificates, and so protected themselves against the wicked wolf, who haunted a swastika and was unable to blow down their house.

The seven dwarfs, too, dug feverishly in their mine, and took their diamonds to the bank where they exchanged them for War Savings Certificates.

Disney made these propaganda cartoons at cost, and they are being distributed throughout all theatres. Canada has already five army training films, and the United States Navy has Disney features to assist in training pilot observers to distinguish foreign ships and aircraft.

Experts consider these cartoons to be the best and most modern methods of teaching recruits, and claim a 25 per cent. improvement over old-style class-room methods.

Walt Disney has also sent new cartoon characters, Clara Carrot and George Carrot, to the British Food Ministry for use in a campaign to eat more carrots and improve night vision.

Disney told me that he is designing an insignia free to the United Nations forces. The Chinese Air Force, the Free French and the R.A.F. have already received appropriate designs. Five artists are kept busy inventing designs, and have now completed one hundred and fifty with a waiting list of three hundred.

After having received the Irving Thalberg Memorial Academy Award for consistently high standard of work last year, Walt is outdoing himself with 70 per cent. of the studio output devoted to defence work. Henceforth, Donald Duck and his friends will devote their energies to work behind the men of the armed forces.



THE seldom-photographed Joe E. Browns step out to a War Benefit party. They celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary the other day.

3 Star Features

"STAR OF THE WEEK"
PORTRAITS IN WORDS AND MELODY
TUES. 9.15 p.m.

"LYRICAL LIMERICKS"
PRIZES FOR THURS. 9.15 p.m.
RHYMES

"THAT'S HOW IT STARTED"
THE ORIGIN OF FAMILIAR THINGS
SAT. 9.15 p.m.

2GB

What is the Mystery of
The Nine Ivory Buddhas?

"GUS GRAY—Special Correspondent"

2GB

will give you the answer.

Mon. to Fri., 6.43 p.m.

The
Movie
World



Easter Season

¶ The fragile English beauty of Anna Neagle, shown in an RKO study, harmonises with the graceful Easter lilies she carries. Anna herself will spend the Easter season in Canada where, after completing "Life of Amy Johnson" in England, she is making a war benefit tour.

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS



1 FELLOW FREELANCE bush pilots in Canadian backwoods, sober Johnny (Morgan), tough Brian (Cagney) quarrel over Emily (B. Marshall).



2 HIS DISLIKE of Brian, however, does not prevent Johnny when Brian is injured in accident from flying for doctor, thus saving his life.



3 AWARE of debt to Johnny and also, by now, that Emily is vixen, Brian marries her only to save Johnny from unhappy union.



4 WAR brought home to them by Churchill broadcast after Dunkirk, Brian and other bush pilots come to Ottawa to join R.C.A.F.



6 RISEN to officer's rank, hard-working Johnny at last learns from Emily, deserted by Brian after wedding, the reason why Brian married her.



7 ABOUT to take off with bombers for Britain, Johnny finds disgraced Brian is flying bomber under assumed name, but, believing in him, lets him go.



5 REBELLIOUS at being made instructor instead of fighter - pilot as over age, Brian is put out of R.C.A.F.



8 ATTACK off Ireland by Messerschmitt 110, which machine-guns bombers; now gives Brian his chance to redeem himself.

'NUGGET'
WHITE is
RIGHT
RIGHT
RIGHT



for appearance—
dries so evenly—
won't rub off.

for economy—the
big Nugget bottle
and tube are BIG
VALUE.

Guaranteed pure—makes
the shoes last longer.

AUSTRALIAN PILOTS IN FILM

WARNERS went to Canada to aerodromes and training schools of the Empire Air Training Scheme to film its wartime adventure, "Captains of the Clouds."

Pilots of Australia, New Zealand, and the other dominions as well as Canadians can be recognised in many of the scenes. You will see, too, Air-Marshal Bishop, famous British flying ace of the last war, shown in a sequence in the film presenting wings to graduating air-men.

While on location James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, Alan Hale, Reginald Gardiner, George Tobias, who share the fictional story against this authentic background, made many firm friends among the young pilots.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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The story of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is a sixty years' record of triumph over Coughs, Colds, Croup and allied chest troubles in children and adults. It quickly breaks up a cold, allays irritation and soothes any soreness. Keep a bottle of HEARNE'S in your Medicine Chest.

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The CHANCE of THEIR LIVES



MARJORIE
... Astaire
was delighted
to dance
with her.

• Marjorie Reynolds, who dances four times with Fred Astaire in Paramount's "Holiday Inn," began as a chorus girl, but has spent the last five years in Western films.

MARJORIE AND VIRGINIA ARE DANCING IN NEW ASTAIRE MUSICAL

From BARBARA O'CONNOR
in HOLLYWOOD

I WENT out to Paramount Studio yesterday to interview two comparatively unknown girls, Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale. Why? Because they both win the opportunity of a lifetime as the singing and dancing partners of Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby in the big Paramount musical, "Holiday Inn."

Interviewing Marjorie on the set I found her a pretty, brown-eyed girl, although she was disguised in blackface for a minstrel number and wearing a calico dress, starched petticoats, and long pantaloons. Her gloved hands were blacked to the elbows; her blonde hair was plaited in dozens of pigtails, all wired to stand upright.

She welcomed me to her dressing-room, and said, "I could hardly believe my luck of dancing with Astaire after five years as a Western heroine in cowboy pictures."

Marjorie explained she started her career as a chorus girl in Paramount films. But an agent, who saw her prancing in line, persuaded her to throw away her dancing shoes and become a dramatic actress. Marjorie agreed, but became George O'Brien's leading lady.

Westerns tiring

"I HAVE been saved from a fate worse than death by every Hollywood cowboy in twelve films," laughed Marjorie. "Westerns are tiring work, but a wonderful experience in learning camera angles and acting tricks."

Suddenly, Paramount summoned her to make a test for the Astaire film. The dance director had remembered her from her chorus days, but was unable to locate her for weeks. He had forgotten her name. Finally the casting office searched its files, and the director recognised an old photograph.

Marjorie admitted she was scared when introduced to Astaire, as she feared she had forgotten her dancing. But she started tapping for him, trying desperately to remember steps. Fred, impressed, danced with her, doing increasingly difficult steps which Marjorie managed to follow perfectly. Fred, delighted, then insisted on her being given more tests, and recommended a long-term contract.

Marjorie does four numbers with Astaire and three songs with Crosby in "Holiday Inn." Now her life is hectic and exciting, filled with appointments for wardrobe, hairdressers, interviews, and rehearsals. Paramount is giving her a star build-up.

Marjorie introduced me to Virginia Dale, the New York actress, who is playing the menace in the film. The lovely, blonde singer and dancer said that she left a sister-act on Broadway when spotted by a talent scout. Her first Paramount film was "Death of a Champion." Since then, she has appeared in increasingly big roles.

Both girls are great friends without any rivalry. They are tremen-



VIRGINIA
... Happy to
play a singing
menace.

• Virginia Dale, lovely blonde who sings with Bing Crosby in "Holiday Inn," was once with a sister-act on Broadway and has been steadily increasing her popularity in Paramount pictures.

dously eager to help each other. Marjorie says she hopes they will have similar luck to former Astaire partners.

Lunching later with the girls, I found the studio restaurant full of a blackface chorus. Extras covered with burnt cork presented a ludicrous sight as they studied their

menus. Crosby entered, also black-faced, clowning in Southern style for the amusement of his friends. It was easy to recognise Bing by the blue eyes and fair hair showing through his sooty make-up. He told me that "Holiday Inn" will cheer the world with thirteen new Irving Berlin tunes.

"Open Up" Your Nose



Just a few drops up each nostril
... then every breath is cool and clear!

Don't go on struggling for breath! "Open up" your clogged nose, clear your head, make life worth living again. Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol up each nostril.

HITS THE SPOT! This new way to nose comfort is neat, pleasant, and quick! Those few drops of Vapo-nol carry specialized medication straight to where it is needed. This medication clears away mucus ... shrinks the swollen membranes inside your nose ... relieves that hot, dry irritation ... makes breathing easy ... ends that feeling that your head is "big as a house."

AND WORKS FAST! In just a moment or two you're feeling amazingly relieved. Begin today to enjoy the comfort Vapo-nol brings.

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• Meet Gracie Allen (Mrs. George Burns), Sandra, aged seven, Ronnie, aged six, the Burns' two adopted children. Gracie held the enchanting spaniel pup for the picture — just to save argument.



• The Stuart Erwin family seems to have more than its share of beauty in the persons of tiny Judith and Mrs. Erwin (Jane Collyer). The miniature edition, of course, is Stuart, jun.

New foam Shampoo Proved by HALF-HEAD Tests Thousands Hail Glorifying Action



Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages

1. Reveals 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
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Thrill to see your hair glorified by this shampoo—proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

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Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colimated foam can't make that gummy, unrinseable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Make a note now to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colimated foam Shampoo. (It costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)



• Australian comedian Leon Errol has a ready-made and enthusiastic audience for his wit in his daughters Betty (left) and Mickey and his wife.

Here are four happy families

GRACIE ALLEN ADORES HER TWO ADOPTED CHILDREN

From JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

AMONG Hollywood's happy family circles count in Gracie Allen, her husband, George Burns, and their two adopted children, Sandra Jean and Ronnie Burns.

Comedienne Gracie Allen has won film fame as a feather-brained chatterbox. But you won't hear Gracie making quips about this serious business of bringing up a family. At home she is just like any other mother, is proud of Sandra's cleverness at school, and worries about Ronnie's missing front tooth.

I met the children for the first time with their mother in their sunny, unpretentious Hollywood home. Sandra is a shy seven-year-old with an attractive elfin face. Ronnie is a restless brown-eyed boy of six.

No difference

THE fact that they're adopted makes no difference to us. We told the children just as soon as they were old enough to understand, and they take it all as a matter of course," said Gracie.

Gracie told me how she came to take the children. Both she and George came from large families, and "you get used to having young people around."

So on their eighth wedding anniversary they visited Chicago's "Gracie," where one may obtain children for adoption.

There they fell in love with a golden-haired baby girl, five weeks old—Sandra Jean Burns.

"About a year later," Gracie explained, "George and I went back to Chicago just to complete Sandra's adoption. To pass the time I looked in on the nursery, saw a two-month-old black-haired boy, and couldn't resist him."

Gracie is the disciplinarian of the family. "George is too soft-hearted." But even Gracie can't bring herself to spank them.

The pair play with the Stuart Erwin children, the Jack Benny youngsters, and the kids next door.

The little girl goes to a Hollywood convent school in West Los Angeles; Ronnie to a local public



• You couldn't mistake this for anything but one happy family. It's actor Alan Hale (centre), his son Alan—a junior edition of father—and his attractive daughter Margaret Hale, both in their late teens.

school. Their parents won't hear of boarding-school. "We plan our time deliberately to be with the children. It is so easy for parents who work, and who are financially able to afford help, to lose the personal touch with the children."

The youngsters have their own rooms. In keeping with her fragile beauty, Sandra is all ruffles, white

organdie and flowered chints. But the man of the house has sturdy maple, bright plaids.

I asked their mother if she objected to the children following the theatre as a career. Gracie laughed.

"Heavens, no! We're giving them an all-round education, then let them choose for themselves."



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This wonderful scientist's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. Regular applications and the most persistent case of eczema is healed never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is a wonderful prescription and is safe and pleasant to use.

For your darling daughter

• The cosy jumper shown right and the trim suit pictured below have been designed for 3-4 year-olds. Knit them!

KNITTING directions for red-and-white jumper:

Materials required: 5 skeins "Sunbeam" Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 1 skein "Sunbeam" Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet hook, 3 button moulds, 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 14ins. Chest, 24-26ins. Length of sleeve seam, 11ins.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins.; 17 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, increasing 1 st.

Pattern: * K 2, p 2, repeat from * to last st., k 1. Repeat last row throughout and when work measures 9ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning

of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row twice. When armholes measure 5ins., shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back up to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work 32 sts. (leave remaining 49 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 5 sts., work to end of row. Continue in pattern and k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next two rows, then every 2nd row twice.

When armhole measures 3ins., cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 5ins., shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front and shape armhole to correspond with other side. When shaping neck cast off 14 sts. instead of 6 sts. Shape shoulder the same as other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 44 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2 inches (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row increasing 1st. (45 sts.). Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 65 sts. When sleeve seam measures 11ins., k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 15 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 75 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (93 sts.). Work pattern for 11ins. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off loosely.

Covering for Buttons (3): Using R wool and No. 12 needles cast on 3 sts. Work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every row until increased to 9 sts. Work 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 3 sts. Cast off. Stitch over button moulds.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Using R wool

crochet around collar, down each front and around back as follows: * 1 DC. into 1st st., miss 2 sts., 1 DC.

2 treble, 1 DC. into next st., repeat from * to end. Sew press studs down front opening. Sew on buttons.



THIS SNUG LITTLE JUMPER is decorative, too. Crochet outline gives a bolero effect. 4-ply wool is used and, for success, use the wool specified.

BELOW: YOU SEE the jumper suit knitted in crepe wool. Sweet, isn't it? Nice full sleeves and pleated skirt are good features. Plenty of freedom for active little bodies. Secure wool and make now.



This is the way to make the blue outfit

MATERIALS required: 8 skeins "Sunbeam" crepe or "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply wool, shade No. 2163 (ballet-blue); 2 pairs needles (Nos. 10 and 12); 1 yd. elastic; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Jumper—Length 14ins., chest 26ins., length of sleeve seam 3ins. Skirt—Length 14ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together.

Tension: 7 sts. 1in., 9 rows 1in.

Skirt (2 pieces): Using No. 10 needles cast on 120 sts. K 4 rows (working 1st row into back of sts.).

1st Row: * K 7, p 1; repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 6, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: * K 5, p 3, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: * K 4, p 4, repeat from * to end.

5th Row: * K 3, p 5, repeat from * to end.

6th Row: * K 6, p 2, repeat from * to end.

7th Row: * K 1, p 7, repeat from * to end.

Repeat from 6th to 2nd rows inclusive. These 12 rows complete the pattern.

Repeat last 12 rows until work measures 16ins. or required length. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Make a hem around top and thread with elastic or sew on to a bodice.

JUMPER

Back: Using No. 12 needles cast on 84 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 90 sts. When work measures 9ins. shape

armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 5ins. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

Front: Work basque the same as for back. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 16, k twice into each of the next 13 sts., k 26, k twice into each of the next 13 sts., k 16 (110 sts.).

P 1 row. Continue in st-st., increasing 1 st. each end of the 8th and then every 10th row until increased to 116 sts. When work measures 9ins. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge k 52 (leave remaining 60 sts. on spare needle).

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast on sts., p to end of row.

K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times, keeping the 4 cast on sts. in garter-stitch.

Next Row: K 4 (k 2 tog.) 13 times, k 18.

Next Row: K 4, p 14 (k 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1, p 4.

Next Row: K 4 (p 1, k 1) 6 times, p 1, k 18.

Repeat last 2 rows twice.

Next Row: K 4, p to end.

Using spare No. 10 needles cast on 17 sts. K into back of cast on sts., then place these 17 sts. in front of jumper and k tog. 1 st. from each needle 17 times, k to end of row.

Continue in st-st., keeping the 4 cast on sts. in garter-st., and when armhole measures 3ins. cast off 8 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 21 sts. When armhole measures 5ins. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge

every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at centre front, cast on 5 sts., k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end of row.

Continue to work to correspond with other side, keeping cast on sts. in st-st., making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from opening and 2 more 1in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 1, cast off 2 sts., k 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2, cast on 2 sts., p 1.

When shaping neck cast off 13 sts. instead of 8 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 60 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 2nd st. (90 sts.). Work in st-st. for 2ins., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 56 sts., then every row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 10 needles cast on 56 sts. Work in pattern as for skirt for 1in., then k 6 rows. Cast off. Sew on to sleeves.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles cast on 64 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, increasing in every 4th st. (80 sts.). Work in pattern as for skirt (keeping 4 sts. each end of row in garter-st.) until work measures 11ins. K 6 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, stitch back facing on right front, stitching buttonholes together. Sew on collar. Pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew buttons on left front.

HOW TO MAKE OLD SHIRTS LIKE NEW

By Mrs. Mary Holiday

The washing expert whose friendly articles you used to read in "Over the Garden Fence."

HAVEN'T you noticed how shirts almost always wear out at neck and cuffs—leaving the "body" in good condition? Well, there are several things you do to make them last a few more months. But first of all, remember that the main reason why those parts wear out, is that neckband and cuffs often have to put up with a

good deal of punishment on washdays. I'm not going to pretend that the dirt is easy to remove, but if you wash the shirts in Persil, using 1 heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of water—instead of trying to RUB them clean,

I'll promise they'll last far longer as well as being much cleaner! Won't you try it for yourself next washday?



And while we're on the subject of laundering, if you haven't yet had a copy of my free shirt Folding Chart, do drop me a line and I'll gladly send you one (Mrs. Holiday, Box 3767 SS, G.P.O., Sydney).

TO TURN A CUFF
I expect many of you turn the cuffs when they show signs of wear. But for the benefit of those who

haven't tried this, here's how to set about it.

Detach the cuff from the sleeve of the shirt by unpicking it. Reverse the cuff, attach the centre to the centre of the sleeve edge. Use a running stitch, easing in the sleeve material towards the wrist opening. Turn under raw edge of cuff and hem into position on wrong side of sleeves.

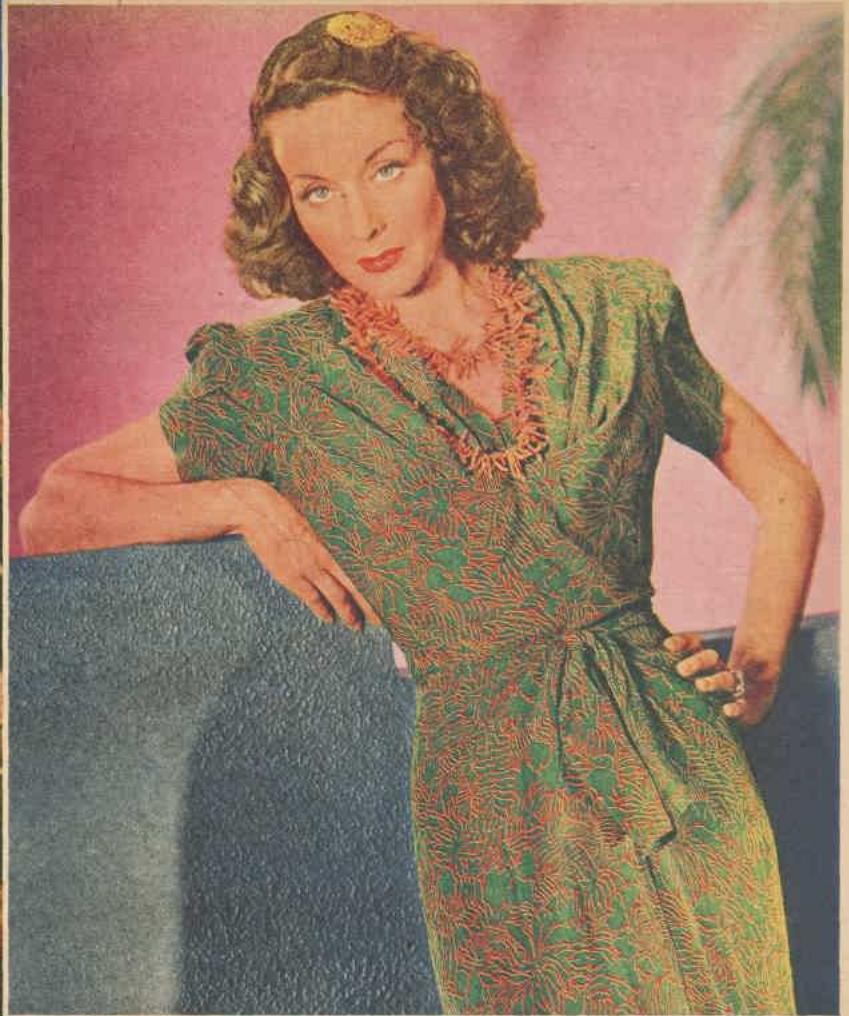


TO RENEW A NECKBAND

Sometimes a neckband is too small or has torn at the stand hole. But you can make a new one from some matching material or a piece of the old, using the old neckband, unpicked from the shirt, as a pattern. Then place the centre of the neck edge and stitch into position—first on the right side, then on wrong.

I'm sure you'll find these tips work. But remember, safe gentle washing with Persil is the best way of all to lengthen the life of a shirt.

Mary Holiday



Pretty frocks

☆☆☆ **To wear when
he's home on
leave**
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

● Perfect foil for khaki is this simple shirtwaist frock of yellow cotton with tailored bodice and wide-spreading skirt garnished with whopping squares in contrasting colors. From the personal wardrobe of lovely MGM star, Lana Turner. (Top left.)

● For party nights, Warners' starlet Joan Perry wears this stunning dinner dress of Tahitian-green silk crepe finely printed in corse and beautifully draped. The coral necklace and hair-clip give further color. (Top right.)

● An effective little dance frock that is just right for informal evenings. Geraldine Fitzgerald of Warner Bros. tops a flowing skirt of bright floral silk crepe with a demure black blouse, and accents her tiny waist with a wide rose sash. (Right.)



OWN UP, SUSIE, YOU'RE NOT DODGING SUNBURN—YOU'RE ASHAMED OF THAT BLOTCHY COMPLEXION!

Sunshine shows up Skin-faults—banish them with

Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

MY LOVELY SUE—IF ONLY TODAY COULD GO ON FOREVER!

SHE THINKS:
NOW THOSE UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES HAVE GONE, I ENJOY MYSELF EVERYWHERE

DOWN beneath the skin surface are the toxic impurities that cause embarrassing skin faults. Their natural outlet is the pores. When pores become clogged, look out for a blotchy complexion. Rexona's medicated lather floats these poisons out of the pores... out of your skin. Its valuable medicaments freshen a muddy complexion. And if you use Rexona regularly, your skin will STAY clear and healthy always. You'll love Rexona's fragrance and its gentle protecting care.

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REGISTERED

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Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy, circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

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"Now free from piles."
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"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

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Elasto will save you pounds!

Smart Dog

Continued from page 6

BUT, the major continued emphatically, "do you think I'll tell him so? I will not! And the reason I won't is perfectly simple; he's too valuable right where he is. So I'll find some fault with his men even if I have to invent one."

His wife nodded; this procedure seemed perfectly reasonable to her. "But what has that to do with Colonel Leach?"

"It's exactly the same position," Major Wallace told her. "Leach finds fault with me because he knows I turn out good platoons and because he needs me here to act as his stooge."

He took up his cap, jammed it on his head, buckled on his Sam Browne and barged out.

Major Wallace's car rolled into the little settlement of six or eight houses and stopped before the long white building which was store, auditorium, movie theatre, poolroom, and general meeting-house combined. Sergeant O'Leary awaiting him there drew himself up to attention and saluted.

"The platoon is inside the auditorium, sir."

"Very well, sergeant. We'll go in."

O'Leary stepped to the door. "Attention!" he bawled. The noise inside subsided and died.

"Carry on," said the major, and dropped his papers on the desk and himself in a chair back of it. The men sat down. O'Leary took up his post behind the major and handed him the roster of the platoon. The major glanced down the alphabetically arranged list and called the first name. The holocaust began.

Through the A's and the B's romped the major. Through the K's and the L's he pranced and through the O's and the P's. Came he finally to the S's, and O'Leary clutched a fainting heart.

"Satchel!"

Choking, O'Leary leaned forward.

"Private Satchel is detailed on mess duty, sir," he said.

The major found it difficult to believe his ears. He gasped. "Then get him, sergeant!" he finally belated. "Send one of your men to the mess hall and get him over here. Surely the future welfare of one of your men is more important than a few odd potatoes! Get him!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

O'Leary stepped to the rear of the hall and spoke in a low voice to Stoddard: "Scram over to the mess hall and get Satchel. Get him as presentable as you can."

"O.K. sergeant," Stoddard was off. O'Leary walked back to the table. O'Leary walked dejectedly. Hope had gone out of O'Leary's bosom.

Colonel Leach was plodding heavily down the road to the rifle range. The colonel's worries swung along in time with his boots and nowhere, nowhere could he find a solution of his problem.

The awful truth was that the colonel's poodles, Min and Bill, had the mange and none of the stan-

dard canine remedies seemed to have any effect on them.

Soon the hot weather would be coming on, bringing with it distemper and other ailments.

To say nothing of certain indications which led the colonel to believe that a litter of little Mins and Bills would arrive simultaneously with the hot weather.

Those puppies meant a lot to the colonel; he must see to it that they had a fair start in life.

The colonel stopped suddenly and stared.

The fates had guided his wandering footsteps to that area back of the galley which is commonly given over to such activities as the hewing of wood, the drawing of water, and the peeling of potatoes.

Here, surrounded by implements of these professions, was a spectacle which might have caused a more sophisticated man than the colonel to stop and stare.

On the ground beside a huge mound of unpeeled potatoes sat an angular private, speaking in admonishing tones to a wheezy, fat bulldog, which the colonel knew only too well could be none other than Smedley, the deplorable dog on the post.

Smedley, who had, not so long ago, almost driven Colonel Leach insane by his tenacious, completely one-sided friendship for Min and Bill. Particularly for Min.

For weeks Smedley had hung around the kennels, lurking in the underbrush and sallying forth as soon as the colonel's back was turned.

For weeks the dog had haunted his dreams and, in retaliation, the colonel had been forced to insult Major Wallace twice, publicly, and to neglect to invite him and his wife to dinner three times.

But this was a different Smedley. This was a spruce Smedley, an intelligent Smedley, engaged, just now, in performing the trick of "sitting up." More than that, he was sitting up on a three-legged stool, and balanced upon his nose was a whole raw potato.

Even as the colonel watched, at a word from the lanky private, Smedley, with a whip of his head, tossed the potato into the air, caught it deftly in his mouth, came down on all fours, turned around twice and barked thrice!

The colonel watched in amazement. It was miraculous. If this young genius, whom he saw at once to be utterly out of place in his menial uniform, could teach the imbecile Smedley a trick like that, what couldn't he do with those two intellectual prodigies, Min and Bill?

And think of the little Mins and Bills soon to come! Why, the idea was tremendous! Breathing audibly in his eagerness, he approached the master.

"Hullo," he said humbly.

Satchel looked calmly up, unimpressed as ever by the outward sign of rank. "Oh, hullo," he answered indifferently, and placed another piece of potato on Smedley's nose.

Please turn to page 23

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE



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Answers on page 23

Fashion FROCK SERVICE



THIS week the Fashion frock service offers a trio of engaging blouses, "Gwen," "Lola," and "Judith," each one trimly tailored and incredibly flattering. You can obtain them ready to wear, traced ready to make yourself, or you can buy a paper pattern.

"GWEN" is available in sheer embroidered georgette in white only, or crepe-de-chine in white, blue, pink, gold dust, light sage, peach, and apple-green. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, 16/11, and W, 17/11 ready-to-wear. 61d. extra for postage. Or traced ready to make yourself. Price, 10/11. 61d. extra for postage. Or paper pattern. Price, 1/7.

"LOLA" is available in sheer linen in pale blue, sage, green, lemon, and pink. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, 16/11, and W, 17/11 ready-to-wear. 61d. extra for postage. Or traced ready

to make yourself. Price, 10/11. 61d. extra for postage. Or paper pattern. Price, 1/7.

"JUDITH" is in white, pink, blue, gold dust, light sage, peach, and apple-green crepe-de-chine. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, 17/3, and W 18/3 ready-to-wear. 61d. extra for postage. Or ready traced to make up. Price, 11/9, plus 61d. extra for postage. Or paper pattern. Price 1/7.

HOW TO OBTAIN "GWEN," "LOLA," and "JUDITH": In N.S.W. send postal note for the required amount to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney.

In other States use addresses given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state your bust measurement and name of blouse.

Asthma Cause Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from Asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 2 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood in 15 minutes. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

SLEEP LIKE A BABY
Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger and 3 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco sets in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (2) It promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

NO ASTHMA FOR FIVE YEARS
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. Z. R. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking, and strangling every

night — couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 5 years." Mrs. A.W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night, and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G.B.C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 25 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

BENEFITS IMMEDIATE
The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

Mendaco
CONQUERS ASTHMA
Now in 3 Sizes: 2/-, 4/-, 8/-, 12/-.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Pockets Starred

... in these bright designs for immediate wear. They come to you with patterns traced on to lovely fabric all ready to make up.



213

FEW will be able to resist this very smart, very gay little affair, now obtainable from our Needlework Department. Prices below.

Latest in jackets

YOU will find this beautifully designed jacket (No. 213) very useful for the cooler days. It is obtainable traced on Cesora, which is a lovely lightweight woollen material, in shades of cream, almond-green, grey, light sage, and brown.

The embroidery on the pockets is very striking. Work in satin-stitch in bright shades to contrast with the color of material chosen. Here are listed sizes and prices.

Sizes: 32 and 34ins., price, 12/6 complete; 36 and 38ins., price, 14/3. Please add 81d. extra for postage.

Or you may obtain a paper pattern only for 1/7, and the embroidery transfer for 1/11.

This pretty dress will wear and wear!

YOU will be delighted with this cleverly-designed frock shown right, available in lovely cruise linen in white, pink, green, blue, and tulip. The pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

Work the embroidery in a bright shade to contrast with the color of chosen material, and you will have a charming garment when finished. This design is worked in buttonhole, satin-stitch, stem-stitch, and french knots. Here are the sizes and prices — ask for No. 205 when ordering:

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, price, 17/3 complete; 36 and 38in. bust, price, 18/2 complete. Please add 61d. extra to cover postage.

Or paper pattern only, price 1/7; embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra. No paper pattern or embroidery transfers are required when ordering the ready-to-make.



205

NEEDLE TOUCHES give gaiety and charm to this well-cut frock of cruise linen available in white and four lovely shades. Details about colors, prices, sizes at left.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adeleide: Box 3884, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 4087, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 1255, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 31, G.P.O. Perth: Box 4916, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4085W, G.P.O. If calling: 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 165C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

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ahead presented by

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F3018.—Immaculate tailored slacks and a charming blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½ yds. for slacks and ½ yd. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

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F3324.—Charming dressmaker suit with pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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Please Note!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



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Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.
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No. 2 requires 3½ yds., and ½ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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THE colonel fumbled for an opener. "Isn't that Smedley?" he ventured.

"Yeah."

"That's a good trick you've taught him."

"Oh, Smedley ain't so dumb. He knows a lot of good tricks."

"I'll bet," the colonel hastened to agree. "Tell me," he whispered softly, "did he—did he ever have the mangle?"

"Oh, yeah," Satchel answered easily. "But I cured him."

The colonel regarded the marvel in meek amazement.

"You're a recruit, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"When do you finish training?"

"Finished yesterday. We go to the main station to-morrow."

"Oh, is that so? Well, where do you intend to go from there?"

"Turned if I know. Sergeant O'Leary says he recommended me for the Cooks and Bakers' School, and I reckon that's where Major Wallace'll send me."

"Oh, dear," said the colonel. "We must stop that. We really must stop that." He turned back to the private. "What's your name?" he asked.

No remembrance of oft-repeated lessons crossed Satchel's mind.

"Satchel," he answered. But the colonel didn't seem to notice.

"Well, Satchel, you've got a good record. I suppose? I mean," he explained apologetically, "I mean you've never been in gaol or anything like that?"

"Naw, nothin' like that."

"Good! I'm delighted to hear it." He leaned forward eagerly. "Satchel," he breathed, "Satchel, how would you like—?"

A respectful voice interrupted him: "Begging the colonel's pardon, but I have an order for Private Satchel here to report at once to Major Wallace in the auditorium."

Understanding flickered over the colonel's face.

"Of course," he ruminated. "Of course. Satchel will be right over. You run along, and tell Major Wallace."

Obedience to orders is a strong habit. Stoddard saluted and started off. Colonel Leach called after him. "And, my man," he shouted, "tell the major I'm coming with him!"

Colonel Leach stood with one foot on the running-board of Major Wallace's car. "Yes," he was saying, "that was very nice of you, major. I appreciate the favor very much."

"Not at all, colonel. It was a pleasure."

"But a favor, major, a very great favor, nevertheless. You've been a great help to me." He paused a moment. "I've been thinking, major, that you're too good a man for this routine job."

"We need good line officers. How would you like to be transferred, say, to some tropical or Asiatic post?"

The major gulped. "That would be splendid, colonel, but you see—"

"Yes, yes, I know. I believe I understand. Say no more about it, my dear chap. I'm married myself. You wouldn't mind going, would you, major?"

"Not a bit, colonel. Not a bit. On the contrary, I'd be delighted."

"Well, well, that's that. I'll be off now." He started down the road.

"Can I give you a lift, colonel?"

"No, thank you. Prefer to walk. Think better on my feet, you know." He stopped, however, and called back: "Before you shove off, major, you and Mrs. Wallace must come over for dinner some night."

And he was off once more.

A few minutes later, Sergeant O'Leary, on his way back to the barracks, was surprised to find Major Wallace still sitting in his car. A beckoning finger from the major brought him unwillingly to the running-board.

"Sir?"

The major did not speak for a minute. When he did, his voice was soft, reflective.

"Sergeant," he said, "that was a peculiar thing that happened just now, wasn't it?"

O'Leary's eyes shot politely upward, but he made no other comment.

"I mean," the major explained, "the colonel taking that man Satchel under his wing like that. Do you know the reason for it?"

"No, sir."

Major Wallace was in a kindly and expansive mood. He told O'Leary the reason. When he had finished, he turned the ignition key and pressed the starter. The motor purred.

"I've been thinking, sergeant," he said, "you're too good a man for this routine job. I've had you in mind for a long time."

"When you reach the main station to-morrow, report at my office and I'll arrange a thirty-day leave for you. By the time you return I think you'll be able to wear a diamond under those three stripes on your arm."

The major roared off.

"Stoddard," said O'Leary, "find Satchel and send him in."

When Satchel opened the door and entered the sergeant's presence, he found him busy packing.

O'Leary sat down and looked him over. "Where's that dog, Satchel? Where's that fat flea-trap of a good-for-nothing bulldog I've told you ten thousand times to get rid of? Where are you hiding him?"

Satchel looked embarrassed. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Well, sergeant—"

"Never mind," O'Leary said. "I don't want to be told. I've never kissed a dog yet and I'm too old to begin now." He sat still and regarded the gawky private for a few moments and an expression of respect, even of awe, crept gradually over his face. At last he spoke again, quietly.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you're right and I'm wrong. I don't know. I give up."

He swung around to his desk and picked up a piece of paper and a pen.

"Satchel," he said, "I called you in to tell you that there's been a change of plans. On reaching the main station to-morrow you will report to the school for non-commissioned officers, for instruction."

"When you finish there I have reason to believe you'll find yourself assigned as orderly to Colonel Leach. Those are orders from Major Wallace; I got nothing to do with them, understand?" He paused and thought.

"This is our last night here," he added. "How would you like me to write you out a pass to go over to the main station for the evening?"

Smart Dog

Continued from page 20

Satchel grinned. "I'd like it fine, but—"

"But what?"

"I ain't got no money."

O'Leary felt in his pocket. "Will a dollar do you any good?"

Satchel was overwhelmed. "Gee," he said, "that's swell!"

"Then take it," the sergeant said, "and here's your pass. Be back here by ten to-night."

He cut short his thanks and waved him to the door. But, as Satchel reached it, he stopped him again. "Wait a minute," he said. "What are you going to buy with that dollar?"

Satchel hung his head and blushed.

"Well, sarje," he admitted, "I was thinkin' of layin' in a supply of dog biscuits."

"For Smedley?"

"That's right, sarje."

O'Leary felt in his pocket again.

"Here," he said. "Here's another dollar. Go and get him a good, juicy beefsteak for me."

Satchel put the two dollars in his pocket. He stammered a couple of times and shuffled his feet. Finally, "Look, sarje," he said, "you been pretty nice to me teaching me all this here soldierin' stuff. I sure appreciate it. Maybe you'll let me do something for you."

"You already have," O'Leary told him. "But go on."

"You like dogs, don't you, sarje? I mean you really like 'em?"

"Well, in a way," the sergeant admitted, "I guess I do."

"Then, if I'm going to be the colonel's orderly," Satchel said, "maybe I can fix it so's you can have one of his poodle's pups."

"Look here," O'Leary warned him very seriously. "Don't you go tampering with the colonel's poodles. These dogs are more important to him than you and me and the rest of the post put together."

The answer is—

- 1—A pound of butter. (Gold is weighed troy weight).
- 2—Tennis.
- 3—Destroying their oil wells.
- 4—No.
- 5—In opposite directions.
- 6—"Man."
- 7—Empire State Building, New York.
- 8—Deep blue.
- 9—South-east of Leningrad.

Questions on page 20

"Yeah, I know," Satchel said. "But I got a hunch he ain't goin' to think so much of those puppies once he sees 'em."

"What do you mean?" the sergeant looked at him suspiciously.

"I just got a hunch they ain't goin' to be more than half poodle. And the other half's going to be white bulldog," Satchel smiled fondly. "I always told you Smedley was a smart dog, sergeant," he said.

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ILLUSTRATION

Intimate JOTTINGS

THINK it bright idea on part of Mrs. A. R. Begg, commandant of First Aid Post, Rose Bay, to use post as casualty station for pupils of local school.

As there are about six casualties every day her first-aiders are getting plenty of practical experience.

Post is extremely well equipped . . . could deal with 500 patients in air raid. Most of equipment is bought by money raised by N.E.S. members in district.

"Five women are at post night and day," Commandant Begg tells me. "They work in watches of eight hours. Dog-watch is from 10 p.m. till 6 a.m.," she continues. "Girls on that shift sleep four and take duty for four also."

Uniform for post is white frock and veil and scarlet coat. In summer linen coat and wool for winter.

RECEPTION at Pickwick Club follows marriage of Shirley Nelson and Bob Loneragan at St. Mary Magdalene's . . . Shirley chooses gown of ice-blue satin with Juliet cap of same material.

Bob's mother lends family veil of hand-made lace.

Bridesmaid is Yvonne Nelson, who wears pink satin.

Brian Loneragan attends bridegroom, who is youngest son of L. E. Loneragans, of Mudgee.

Many country guests invited . . . among them Flying-Officer and Mrs. M. T. Loneragan, latter comes from Mudgee, and Mrs. Ted Shannon, who recently married.

Shirley is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nelson, of Vaucluse.

OLIVE PALMER chooses family church at Mosman for marriage to Sergeant Gordon Sanders . . . she is fifth sister to marry there.

Lovely gown of pink lame for bride, who is fifth daughter of Mrs. M. E. Palmer, of Mosman . . . petal-pink tulle veil falls from coronet of orange blossoms.

Bridesmaid, Joy Palmer, also wears pink.

Gordon is son of Mr. N. Sanders and late Mrs. Sanders, of Devon, England . . . best man is Bill Middleton. After ceremony Mrs. Palmer gives reception at home . . . fifty guests. Mrs. Galfrey Gatacre comes from country for wedding.

JOYFUL reunion for Flight-Lieut. Mick Grace and wife Jean. Mick returns after campaigns in Malaya and Java.

He and Jean take George Falkner's flat at Macleay Regis.

Fellow-pilots, Flying-Officer Leigh Bows and Flight-Lieut. Doug Vanderfield, also arrive back in Sydney . . . few days after return Doug marries pretty Josie Heine.

HAVE fleeting glimpse of Pam Pring busily engaged in shopping. Pam isn't in town very often these days . . . her address is Emu Plains.

She evacuates there with small pupils from Christopher Robin Kindergarten. Kiddies have quarters in large house taken for duration.



FRESHERS. Sheenagh Ryan (left) and Miriam Cash inspect University grounds. Sheenagh is arts student, and Miriam studies science.



ORCHIDS FOR BRIDE. Jill Tranter wears purple orchids on frock and bag when she marries Sergeant Richard Green, R.A.A.F., at St. Andrew's.



COMMUNITY SINGING. V. A. Lorna Mac Smith (left) and Jane Woodhill, members of Three Services Younger Set at Y.W.C.A., study words of songs with Geoff Morgan, of merchant navy, and Brian Ball, A.I.F. Members of the Younger Set meet each Thursday. Are wives, sisters, friends, and fiancées of men on active service.



TOASTING THE BRIDE. Mrs. John Brandon and Lieut. Brian Godsall, who attend Billie Vickerman and Lieut. Hugh Roberts, son of Eileen Boyd, well-known singer.

I DO not see many new outfits on opening day of skating season at Glaciarium, and observe, also, that snow scenes of last year form decor for rink.

Obviously war economy.

Take to ice with usual fatal results. So retire to side lines to watch the more expert.

Sigh with envy at prowess of Mrs. Herbert Douglass, who wears frock of black with silver-and-blue embroidery.

Phil Gleeson waltzes with Mrs. Norman Waterhouse . . . former says she won't have much time for skating this season as she does V.A. work.

See 2nd year Med. student Judith Day. Tells me that her sister Patricia is at boarding-school at Leura for duration.

Popular instructor Gwen Chambers receives congratulations on recent marriage . . . is now Mrs. Harry Poole.

ATTEND first night of Noel Coward's play, "Point Valaine," at Minerva . . . my favorite actress, Marie Burke, plays lead in role of missionary's middle-aged daughter who turns mission on tropic side into guest house . . . theme is heavy drama.

In audience I notice Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer and attractive daughter, Mrs. Peter Osborne.

Bonita comes down from Crossley Park, Moss Vale, to spend few days at home at Darling Point.

Also see Mrs. W. R. Dovey and daughter Margaret, who says she and fiancé, Gough Whitlam, spend Easter with Gough's parents at their home at Canberra.

Betty and Heather Field accompany parents, the T. A. Fields . . . don't often see these two sisters nowadays.

Both have fulltime jobs . . . Betty in office of Red Cross Dream Home Art Union, and Heather at Blood Transfusion Service.

Heard Around TOWN

PRETTY Peg Stephenson becomes engaged by long-distance telephone to Flying-Officer Wilbur Wackett, R.A.A.F.

He is stationed somewhere in north of Australia and Peg already has engagement ring.

Wilbur telephones and in middle of conversation tells Peg to slip ring on her finger . . . and so they are engaged.

Announcement of engagement coincides with Peg's twentieth birthday.

She is only daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. H. Stephenson, A.I.F., and of Mrs. Stephenson, of Bellevue Hill.

Her fiancé is only son of Wing-Commander and Mrs. L. J. Wackett, of Brighton, Melbourne.

Wing-Commander Wackett is well known as technical adviser to Aircraft Production Co-ordinating Committee.

BLAIR ATHOL, Young, is to be convalescent home for servicemen . . . donor is Mrs. E. M. Barritt, whose family lived there for many years.

Now resides at her property some miles out of town.

Wonderful gift is made to board of management of War Veterans' Home, who immediately make arrangements for opening early this month.

Feature of house is kitchen built in good old colonial style with huge fuel stove where meals for fifty people can be cooked.



ENGAGEMENT is announced. Robbie Mulholland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Mulholland, of Cremorne, and Wesley E. Collett, R.A.A.F., son of O. H. Collett, of Grenfell, celebrate at Wentworth Hotel.

INTERESTING letter for Mrs. L. Woolcott, of Neutral Bay, from son John training in Canada with R.A.A.F.

John writes of leave spent in New York, hectic five days filled to the minute . . . "didn't go to bed one night before 6 a.m.," says John.

Sees performance of "Rosenkavalier" at Metropolitan Opera House and hears Lotie Lehmann sing.

Meets several Australians, one of them Ted Littlejohn. Ted is formerly student at Harvard and now member of British Purchasing Commission in New York.

TO Moss Vale for the week-end go Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Fairfax to visit daughter, Mrs. Peter Moore, and grandchildren.

QUIET wedding in Brisbane for Sydney girl, Freda Mashman, who marries Karl Hohnen at St. Philip's Church.

Cocktails at Lennen's follow ceremony.

Bride is only daughter of the Fred Mashman, of Bexley. Mr. Mashman accompanies her to Brisbane for wedding.

Future home at Cunnamulla.

MRS. TOBY BARTON, wife of secretary of Lakes Golf Club, buys bicycle to do family marketing . . . isn't wildly enthusiastic about it, but finds it only solution to "no petrol" problem.

Hasn't ridden since a child and says, "Every time I come to a hill I wonder should I have bought a horse!"

Betty

"WHAT'D you make of it, Cosgrave?" he asked. "They tell me you're good at writing detective stories. Let's hear what you've to say about it? What is it? Suicide?"

Shawn's answer rattled quick and sure. "Not suicide, Doctor. No! Murder!"

Dr. Hunter said "Humph!" to that, and bent over the body once more. "Prussic acid by the look of it—but where'd she get it, tell me that?"

"She didn't get it," Shawn said solemnly. "Someone dropped it in her cup and she drank it—by accident—while we sat around her—and watched."

Dr. Hunter eyed him for a minute before he said brusquely, "I'm out of it you understand. It'll be up to the police and the coroner now—"

"They've been notified," Shawn said quietly.

They were more than notified. They were here. The scream of sirens rising shrilly in the street testified to that. Out in the hall a voice rose abruptly, drowning the low tones of Bishop Maitland's explanations. "All right—all right—I'll take over now—"

Detective-Sergeant John Joseph O'Connor had arrived.

The law, as personified in the person of Nashville's police force, is not particularly impressive. You are impressed more by its essential stupidity than by its brilliance. However, as opposed to the casual policeman upon the Main Street, Sergeant O'Connor might be said, if not to shine, to diffuse an uncommonly strong light.

He was big and burly with the rough red skin that comes from exposure to all sorts of weather, but at least his blue coat was buttoned and it fitted trimly across his broad shoulders. As he entered he was ostentatiously unfastening the holster flap that confined his automatic pistol.

He swept us with a cold and truculent stare.

"All right—all right," he began, loudly. "Go ahead—somebody tell me what it's all about. Station had a call there'd been a murder here." He paused to laugh a little at the preposterousness of the idea. Then his eyes found Chatty and the laughter died.

"That it?" he demanded, pointing a long, not over-clean finger. "She dead?"

"What do you think?" demanded Shawn.

It was evident that these two were not going to get on. The sergeant glared. "A smart guy, huh? All right, mister—stick around. I don't know who you are but—"

But Mrs. Spencer was rallying gallantly.

"I am Mrs. Spencer," she said, with beautiful simplicity. "Mrs. James Carvaneh Spencer, Captain—Lieutenant—" she faltered, momentarily at a doubt.

"Sergeant," said the sergeant phlegmatically. "O'Connor."

"Sergeant O'Connor. Thank you. And this gentleman is Mr. Cosgrave, who was our afternoon's speaker. Mr. Cosgrave is from New York—he is a writer—"

"Oh," the sergeant relaxed. "A newspaper man, huh? Doubtless he had visions of his name spread in big headlines."

He was disillusioned. "No!" Shawn snapped, and "Detective stories," Mrs. Spencer finished.

The sergeant's expression became beatific. "You don't tell me! A detective-story writer, huh? One of those birds—the sergeant's tone changed, became definitely hostile—"who makes out the police are nothing but a bunch of flat-footed dumbbells while they give some bird-brained amateur—regrettably the sergeant pronounced it "amator"—"a lot of clues the police never get to see so that he finds out the criminal in the last chapter. Bah! I know detective stories." He fixed Shawn with a baleful eye. "Am I right?"

"Oh, quite," Shawn said flippantly. "That's why I'm here. To get a new angle on police stupidity. The fact that I had to commit a murder is merely incidental—" He waved his hand airily.

I saw the sergeant blink and then a new, almost pleased, expression crossed his ingenuous countenance. I thought "Oh, Shawn, you fool!" but I didn't say it. I didn't have to. Because the pendulum of Shawn's whim was already swinging the other way.

He had dropped his cigarette and was stepping on it, saying, "Okay,

Sergeant—suppose we call it off. We've had our fun and I'll play games with you another day. In the meantime—he gestured—"you've a job and by the looks of it a big one."

The sergeant grunted. He hauled a notebook from an inside pocket and painstakingly scrawled something upon the first page. Probably, I told myself despairingly, Shawn's name as number one suspect.

He snapped the notebook shut and walked toward the chair that held Chatty's body. He jerked a thumb. "Who killed her?"

"Again it was Shawn who answered, this time gravely."

"We don't know."

Emphatically the sergeant did not believe it. He snorted.

"How'd she die, Doc?"

"Cyanide," Dr. Hunter said succinctly. "The bitter almond odor is quite noticeable on her lips and on this cup—Be careful!" he broke off to order imperatively as the sergeant lowered his nose—"Can't you take my word for it? Probably most of it's dissipated by this time but prussic acid's nothing to fool with. A whiff can kill just as rapidly and as unpleasantly as a full lethal dose in your morning coffee."

The sergeant moved backward with more speed than dignity. He flipped the notebook open again. "Okay," he said and wrote. "Cyanide and prussic acid killed her. That your guess, Doc?"

"It's not a guess," Dr. Hunter said stiffly. "It's a provable fact. And prussic acid alone will be sufficient. Cyanide is its family name."

Sergeant O'Connor tried to look as if that were a matter of common knowledge. He said "Yeah—sure" with tolerance and repressed his pencil. "Know who she is, do you?"

"Certainly," Dr. Hunter was crisp about it. "Mrs. John R. Phillips. Before her marriage she was Charley Bethune."

"Bethune, eh?" Sergeant O'Connor looked extremely wise. "That the Bethune who owns the jewellery store? Yeah—well. Know any reason why anybody'd want to kill her?"

THERE ensued one of those silences that are pregnant with meaning. How should we answer? My glance went furtively from face to face. I could count, of my own actual and long range knowledge, at least a dozen there present who had plausible reasons for killing her—and a score of others who must at some time have wished her dead.

"Who found her?"

Dr. Hunter couldn't answer this. He remained silent while someone—I think it was Mrs. Spencer—jittered. "But we didn't—I mean, we were all here. Don't you understand? There we were, all of us drinking tea and talking—and people kept coming up to us—because of Mr. Cosgrave—and—"

"Oh," said the sergeant with a nasty eye upon Shawn, "so Mr. Cosgrave was here, too—when she was murdered."

I had an impulse to throw something at him hard but at the same time I couldn't help thinking. "It's Shawn's own fault is he gets himself arrested for murder he didn't do. Playing the fool with the police—he's old enough to know better."

So was I—old enough to know better, old enough to know that Shawn never would know better—that he would never change his nature any more than the proverbial leopard would its spots.

"—and everyone was in almost constant motion—you understand," Mrs. Spencer was finishing. "And then, shortly before she—she died," Mrs. Spencer shuddered delicately, "Chatty—that is, Mrs. Phillips—you understand—left us to speak to someone across the room."

Sergeant O'Connor wasn't one to be put off with generalities. He asked bluntly, "Who?"

But Mrs. Spencer didn't know. She appealed to the rest of us. "I really don't remember—do you, Katherine? There were so many different people—"

The sergeant abandoned that with a shrug. He said, "You said 'us.' Who's us?"

Mrs. Spencer looked vaguely about her. "I suppose I referred to those people who occupied the chairs here. The Cosgraves and Mrs. Robertson and dear Bishop Maitland and Mrs. Erickson, our secretary,

and Mrs. Wein—oh, and Mrs. Phillips herself, of course."

The sergeant was counting. "There's a dozen chairs," he said, "and you've only named seven—eight including yourself. Who sat in the other four?"

Well, who had? Mrs. Spencer's eyes, seeking, met mine in a sort of wild hope, but I shook my head. I wasn't any help. That was certain. "Dotty," I hazarded, "and wasn't Mrs. Blake here for just a minute—"

"A fat lady in blue," Shawn remarked with helpful but terrifying honesty. "Lace and the skirt of it that tight for her you'd wonder how once down she'd rise again—"

My kick to his ankle was effective. It silenced him, but not before Mrs. Richards—Judge Richards' wife—had turned a deep purple. Meticulously the sergeant observed and wrote "Mrs. Richards" before he said "Go on."

But nobody could and eventually they decided that those seats had had no permanent possessors. I wasn't any help, no more than the others. Rack my brain as I might, I could be positive about no one. And yet I had the distinct feeling that someone—someone I had known and recognised—had sat in the chair nearest to the one Chatty had occupied for a brief period of time.

The sergeant drew a picture of the groupings, scrawling our names upon the squares and circles with which he designated chairs. He looked pleased when he discovered that Shawn's place had been directly beside Chatty and within reach of the table upon which her cup of tea had been placed. He descended to clumsy pleasantness.

"Quite sure you didn't murder the lady yourself, Mr. Cosgrave, for—what is it you writers are always looking for—local color?"

Shawn's glance alone was a crushing rebuke.

"Quite certain, Sergeant," he said in what was practically a coo. "My next book deals solely with murdered policemen."

I couldn't kick him this time. He'd moved out of reach.

I don't know just when I began to remember Tom Robertson now wonder where he was. Perhaps it was the night of my bag lying neglected upon the mantel where I had placed it before we had tea, that reminded me. I remember looking for him among the huddle of people and not seeing him. I saw Bishop Maitland—

It was hard to catch Shawn's wandering eye, but I did it. I said, "I don't see Tom. Do you suppose—"

Shawn woke up then. He said, "Who—Robertson? That's queer. Sure you're right?"

I said, "Look for yourself" rather huffily.

But Shawn didn't. He said bitterly, "I believe everything I ever read about the police. This idiot probably forgot there was a back door. All right—" He raised his voice. "I say, Sergeant, I suppose you had a man relieve Robertson at the back door when you took over?"

Sergeant O'Connor had the grace to blush. He said, "Naw—but I will. You Olson—"

One of the plainclothes men who'd been standing uselessly at the inner door nodded and vanished. Almost at once he was back.

"There ain't nobody there," he said jauntily. "Do you want I should—"

The sergeant swore. He even went to see for himself—uselessly—since of this one thing there could be no doubt. There was no one guarding that rear entrance. Tom Robertson had disappeared.

It was after nine before we were permitted to leave the auditorium. I say "permitted" because Shawn and I were included in the group of Sergeant O'Connor's choicest suspects.

There were some twenty in all. Mrs. James Carvaneh Spencer—much to her surprise and displeasure—and Eve Robertson and the unfortunate Mrs. Richards and all the others whom the Sergeant had been able to bully into admitting they'd been at any time within fifty feet of Charity Phillips.

The others, upon plea of crying children and starving husbands, were released after their names and addresses were taken. Also, in a few instances, their fingerprints.

Shawn had argued brilliantly that no one be released until the room was thoroughly searched and until

Continued from page 4

he or she, as the case might be, had turned out pockets and handbags. "Because cyanide has to be carried in something," he said. "I mean a phial or a bottle. You don't just evolve it out of thin air."

Granted, the sergeant said, but with the back entrance unguarded for the better part of an hour it looked to him as though it might have disappeared into thin air. It had stood to reason that no one'd hang on to a phial or bottle one minute longer than necessary and with a perfectly good way of escape open.

"That alley's paved. It could 'a' smashed out there two seconds after it was dropped into Mrs. Phillips' cup!"

"Are you searching the alley?" Shawn demanded, intrigued at once by the possibilities this new angle opened up.

The sergeant shook a ponderous head.

"This ain't a book you're writing, Mr. Cosgrave," he said. He sounded pleased to think that it wasn't. "What good would it do me to find a bunch of little splinters of glass even if they did smell of cyanide? I'm a practical man, not a novelist, and in this State you can't buy poison without you sign for it."

"I'm gonna find out where that cyanide came from. Then," he shut one eye, winked prodigiously, "I'll have something to go on."

"It's your theory, then," Shawn said, elaborately polite, "that the cyanide and the murderer went out through that back door?"

"I ain't got no theories," Sergeant O'Connor told him severely. "Not yet."

All the way home, the burden of Shawn's song was the stupidity of the Nashville police and particularly that of Detective-Sergeant O'Connor. I tried to protest. I said, "But, darling, you can't judge him. He hasn't done anything yet—"

He gave a sort of howl. "Out of your own mouth you convict him. Of course he hasn't done anything yet. What's more, the indications are he never will."

We'd reached the house steps and he stopped to light a cigarette. Then he pulled me around to face him.

"It's one thing, Kit, to deliberately close your eyes to what shows up bigger than a black beetle in yesterday's cream and another—"

I GAVE up. I said: "All right, darling—you win. What is it that he didn't see and you did—for that's what you're meaning, isn't it?"

He was too much in earnest even to be sulky. He said: "It wasn't I who saw it—he did himself and then didn't have the wit to go on where it was leading. Listen, Kit, if the cyanide bottle went out that back door, it's odds on it went in the murderer's pocket. The sergeant was right. Going through handbags wouldn't get him one inch farther forward, it's who went out of that door that matters!"

I said "Tom Robertson" not very brilliantly. Shawn let me go with a groan so loud that Aunt Lide heard and came to stand in the wide doorway and peer short-sightedly at us.

She said: "Dear me! If I'd known you children intended to be late, I'd have had dinner set back—"

Shawn said mildly that we were sorry but that we were late because there'd been a murder—that Mrs. Phillips—she'd remember—but I had no such intention of being put off.

I said: "Aunt Lide, you're a fraud! You were there. I saw you. And after Chatty died too. How on earth did you manage to get home?"

Aunt Lide looked from one to the other of us. There was a spark of defiance in her faded eyes.

"I wasn't going to be mixed up in any murder," she asserted. "Not if I knew it. Police asking questions about things that're none of their business and putting your names and your pictures in the papers without so much as a by your leave—"

"Aunt Lide," I said patiently, "we know all that. Or we could guess it. Even to the way you'd react. But you haven't answered my question. How'd you get out of that auditorium?"

"I walked," my aunt snapped. "On my two legs. Ask Tom Robertson. I was right behind him!"

I sat down. My own legs wouldn't hold me any longer.

Shawn gave me one lightning blue glance before he said: "Darling Aunt Lide, let me get it straight—do you mind? You left the hall behind Robertson and by the back door—when was that?"

Please turn to page 28

Rhyme with reason

New musical quiz at 2GB

Like the old soldier, jackpots and quizzes never seem to die.

Just when it looked as if ideas for a new jackpot or quiz session had been completely exhausted, along came a novelty idea which immediately started the ball rolling again.

LATEST addition to this popular type of programme on 2GB is "Lyrical Limericks," a programme that gives rhyme with reason. And it is easy.

There is a 5/- prize for the person who submits an original limerick used in the session. There is only one stipulation, and that is that the last line must contain the name of a popular song. Here is an example:

There was a young girl in a snood,
Whose dinner was always well chewed,
She'd go out at night
And not touch a bite.

Because she was not "In the mood,"

For submitting that limerick the author receives 5/-, and then it is the contestant's turn. He (or she) is given the first four lines of a limerick, and must supply the last line. If the correct answer be given, the contestant receives a prize of 5/-.

The musical item is then played, and so the session provides not only comedy, but also bright music.

Incidentally, any contestant who tries to make up the name of a song to provide the necessary last line will find it hard going with Jack Lumadaine as Quiz-master, for few people have a better memory for song titles, words and music.

When contestants find difficulty in supplying the song title, Jack plans to give them a helping hand, which will considerably add to the

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, April 1.—Mr. Edwards, and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, April 2.—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, April 3.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, April 4.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, April 5.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, April 6.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, April 7.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody and Thought."

Interest of the quiz itself. He will hum a bar or two of the song itself, but the song will either be transposed to another key or altered from waltz time to march time.

"Lyrical Limericks" is the first of a series of three novelty programmes which will be broadcast each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday from 2GB at 9.15 p.m.

The second of these is "That's How It Started," a series of investigations into the origin of everyday sayings, which will be heard on Saturday nights at 9.15.

The third is "Star of the Week," a picture in words and music of famous singers and musicians of to-day. This will be broadcast on Tuesday nights.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

ARIANS can be abrupt and sarcastic, especially when annoyed. But they can be jolly good company when pleased or interested

THE majority of Arians—people whose birthdays fall between March 21 and April 21—believe themselves to be at their best when independent of other people.

In reality those who achieve outstanding prosperity and happiness do so because of the help, understanding, patience, and faithfulness of business or marriage partners or other close associates.

Such helpers, however, usually have to take back seats and let the Arians believe they are doing everything themselves. At the same time they know that if left to themselves Arians will tend to overstep themselves through rashness, over-confidence, irritations, impatience and a detestation of slow methods or routine work, or through over-anxiety to show their authority.

This is due to the fact that most Arians make poor servants, but good leaders and executives. They are secretive, dominating, forceful, and restless, but seldom admit it.

When they start a thing they are energetic and keen to finish it, but quickly grow tired of anything slow or monotonous.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Opportunities and advancements possible this month, so work hard on April 5 (after dawn). Better still on April 6 (to 9 a.m.), then be cautious to midnight.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Opportunities come now, so concentrate on routine tasks and in planning ahead. March 31, April 2 and 4 are good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): March 31, April 1 (many surprises), April 5, April 6, and April 7 (early) all poor. Routine work best.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): A week for caution. Try to avoid discord, worry, setbacks, and changes, especially on March 31, April 1 (early), April 5, April 6, and April 7.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Opportunities and gains now possible so plan wisely and work hard. April 2 (between 5 and 10 a.m.) and round midnight very fair. April 5 very mixed, so avoid surprises. April 6 (to 9 a.m.) good, then adverse.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): Unspectacular this week. March 31 (early), April 5, April 6 (after 9 a.m.), and April 7 can produce upset.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): Be on guard this week for you can get yourself into trouble. Avoid changes, rashness, discord, losses, and opposition, especially on March 31, April 1, April 2 (early), April 5, April 6, and April 7.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): Unsettled for most Scorpions; routine best. March 31, April 1, April 5 (early), and April 6 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): Work hard on April 2 (from 9 to 10 a.m. and around midnight), also on April 5 (after dawn only) and on April 6 (to 5 a.m., then adverse). Progress is possible. Make changes.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be wary. Adversity, delay, and obstacles can predominate, especially on March 31, April 1, April 5 (early), April 6, and perhaps April 7. Routine advised. Things improve soon.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Modest progress possible on April 2 (especially between 5 and 10 a.m. or round midnight), April 3 (early), April 5 (after 5 a.m. only), and April 6 (before 9 a.m.).

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Confusion possible on March 31, April 4, April 5 (early), April 6 (after 9 a.m.), and April 7 (early). Take things quietly and avoid major changes.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters. — Editor, A.W.W.)



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aiding the Secret Service to smash the Octopus Ring, a gang of international spies. As **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cocksaigne, is held as a hostage by **THE OCTOPUS:** The magician joins the gang, and when he causes worthless photos of fortifications to be taken is sentenced to death.

Lured into a pit of liquid cement, he is fighting for his life when he exercises his hypnotic powers on **LUGA:** One of the gang, and compels him to drag him to safety. Searching for Princess Narda he encounters **SONYA:** Another of the spies, and again using hypnotic influence orders her to lead him to Narda's hiding place. **NOW READ ON:**



YOU'RE DEAD-- DEAD--

DON'T RUN AWAY, SONYA--OR I'LL FOLLOW YOU---

LEAD ME TO NARDA.

MANDRAKE'S HEAD SEEMS TO FLOAT DOWN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND SONYA

SONYA REVEALS THE SECRET HIDING-PLACE OF NARDA AND THEN FAINTS--MANDRAKE ENTERS HURRIEDLY---

HE GOES THROUGH A LOW DARK PASSAGEWAY---

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, ARE YOU?

RIGHTS ARE SUDDENLY SWITCHED ON--HE WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE---

YOU'RE MANDRAKE, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE--MY ORDERS ARE TO KILL YOU!

MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AT THE GUARD---

HEY--

AND HE TURNS TOSY-TURVY--!

NARDA! MANDRAKE--

MANDRAKE AT LAST FINDS NARDA IN THE SECRET HIDING-PLACE OF THE OCTOPUS RING!

DARLING, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT I'M REALLY SEEING YOU!

THANK HEAVENS--THEY HAVEN'T HURT YOU. I'VE GOT TO GET YOU AWAY FROM HERE AT ONCE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE. HERE, WEAR MY CAPE.

OH, DARLING I WAS AFRAID THEY HAD--

KILLED ME? THEY TRIED HARD ENOUGH, BUT I'M LIKE THE BAD PENNY THAT ALWAYS COMES BACK.

TO BE CONTINUED

Murder for Tea

Continued from page 26

SHE was mollified. She said: "Why should I mind—although you needn't go out of your way to hand out information to that policeman without him asking for it. I followed along behind Tom after you told him to go guard that back door."

"I had a feeling he didn't mean to do it—the Robertsons always having been long on discretion and staying out of the papers."

"He chose a poor way of doing it this time, I'm thinking," Shawn said gravely.

"Meaning that they're after him already?" Aunt Lide asked shrewdly. "Oh, well, I might have known. When you play with pitch you mustn't be surprised if some of the black sticks to you."

I was impatient of philosophies. I said, "But, Aunt Lide, where'd you go?"

"Home," Aunt Lide said with spirit, "as you might have guessed. And not a soul stopped me or asked a question."

Well, that wasn't so remarkable, I thought. I didn't suppose anybody had stopped Tom Robertson either—then. But now let him try walking a block.

Shawn had crushed out one cigarette and was lighting another. There was a deep-cut line between his brows, but when he spoke it was indifferently as though the question didn't matter.

"You didn't see anyone else?"

"And if I did," Aunt Lide said smartly, "what of it? You may be my niece's husband, young man, and a passable novel-writer if all they say is true, but you're not going to trick me into accusing a human being of murder—even if it was Chatty Phillips who was murdered and she deserving it as surely as woman ever did!"

Shawn pounced then. He said, "So you did see someone! Who was it?"

I said sensibly, "What difference does it make to you if she did? You're not Sergeant O'Connor—it's nothing to you!"

"It is something to me," Shawn said softly not taking his eyes off Aunt Lide who was rapidly taking on the expression of a bird charmed by a particularly fascinating snake, "and I want to know!"

It takes practice to withstand Shawn, a practice Aunt Lide hadn't had. I watched with sympathy as she broke at last under the steady determination of his eyes and voice. She said, "I don't know that it matters one way or the other. It was Dorothy Judson."

There was a little silence. Then I said bewilderedly, "But, Aunt Lide, Dorothy was there all the time—I'm sure of it. She was in the kitchen. I remember her standing over by the serving table while Dr. Hunter was looking at Chatty."

"She had her apron on when I saw her," Aunt Lide said with a satisfied little nod of her head. "She was carrying something all wrapped up in paper."

I said with something that was almost a sob, "Shawn! Just outside that door—along the wall—there used to be a refuse can. But it couldn't have been Dorothy—"

Over Shawn's long whistle, Aunt Lide's voice out, "Stuff and nonsense, Katherine—somebody poisoned Chatty Phillips. It might very well have been Dorothy and goodness knows she'd have more reason than most when it's common knowledge that Arthur Judson spends most of his waking hours at her apartment... Shawn Cosgrave! What are you up to?"

"I'm calling the police," Shawn said soberly upon which Aunt Lide revealed an amazing change of front. "If you mention Dorothy Judson's name," she threatened.

He shook his head at her. "I won't need to."

It took a little while to get police headquarters and a longer while to catch up with Sergeant O'Connor. Shawn waited, drumming irritably upon the telephone stand until I wanted to scream. It didn't seem possible that the people in this hall were really ourselves—Shawn and Aunt Lide and I. Last night we hadn't been tangled into murder; last night Chatty's lips hadn't smelled of bitter almonds, and Dorothy—fat, red-faced, hard-working Dorothy—had been protesting her fondness for her home and her children and her husband.

The line clicked just then and I heard Sergeant O'Connor's bellow. Under its impact, Shawn stiffened

but his own voice retained its even mellifluousness of tone.

"Ah, Sergeant—this is Cosgrave speaking. It has just occurred to us—more especially to my wife—that there is a refuse barrel not far from the auditorium's rear entrance that might be worth your investigation. You have investigated it?—May I ask if you found anything?—What? Yes, I see—I mean, I don't see—Yes—Yes—Thank you."

It seemed to me I couldn't wait until he had replaced the receiver. I said, "What?—?" and Shawn said slowly as though he didn't quite believe it himself, "They found nothing. There was nothing to find."

I don't know yet what I'd expected or why I was so relieved at what he did say. I said "Then there wouldn't be any fingerprints" and I didn't know my own voice.

Shawn gave me a funny look. He said, "It's a queer murderer who leaves fingerprints these days."

In spite of myself, perhaps because the weight of horror that had been pressing upon me had lifted the least bit, I laughed. "I know," I said. "Rule number one—wipe off all fingerprints. Every murderer knows it."

Shawn didn't laugh. He came over to me and put both arms around me and drew my head down until it lay under his chin. He said, "Steady, acushla. It's light-headed you are, what for want of food and no wonder—"

Aunt Lide said, "Good heavens! Neither one of you has had a thing since that ghastly luncheon! Come with me!"

But I didn't go. Not right away. I said I wanted to powder my face—which was true—and comb my hair—and that if they'd get things started I'd just run upstairs—I'd only be a minute.

But although I had my way I didn't go upstairs. Not right then. I couldn't. Because I'd scarcely seen the back of Shawn's head disappearing down the hall that led to the kitchen before the doorbell rang. I answered it.

It was a man who stood there, well within the shelter of the great pillars that upheld the porch roof. His hat had been drawn low over his eyes and his coat collar turned high so that just a moment I hesitated before I said, "Why, Tom! What on earth are you doing here? Don't you know everybody's been looking for you?"

I couldn't, in the face of customary respectability, say "police."

He said irritably, "Of course I know it. Why wouldn't I? Been dodging them all evening—Eve, too. I've been standing around for hours waiting for it to get dark enough to come here. You see, I gambled that you'd open that door, Kit, and for once the gods haven't let me down."

Perhaps, save for the coat collar and the hat, he looked the same. He talked a lot of nonsense. What difference did Aunt Lide or Shawn have opened the door? Come on in—Shawn's making coffee. If you've been wandering around since five o'clock, you must be starved. Come in, I said, "you can phone Eve from here."

He said, "I don't want to phone Eve and I'm not coming in. I only came to get the package Chatty gave you and after you've given it to me I'm off. You can forget you ever saw me. Understand?"

I understood all right. I'd forgotten that package until this very minute. I said "All right" in rather a subdued voice. "It's in my purse."

But it wasn't. Even though we turned the purse inside out, there was nothing there. The little white-wrapped package was gone.

I'm not sure which of us was the more surprised. Tom said "Gone! How could it be gone?" in a dazed sort of way, while I said stupidly, "Someone must have taken it—when I laid my purse down this afternoon!"

Tom said, "For heaven's sake, Kit, come out here and shut that door!" His fingers fastened around my wrist like an iron clamp. Scarcely conscious of how it happened I found myself on the porch with the door closed behind me.

I tried to pull my hand away but his fingers were too strong. He said, "Wait a minute—let me get this

straight. When did you put your purse down? Just now?"

I shook my head.

"It was at tea. I laid it on the mantelpiece while we were shaking hands. I had to. The flowers they'd given me at the luncheon were too heavy to pin on my dress and I had to hold them. I couldn't manage my bag, too. Besides how was I to know it wouldn't be all right?"

"No," he said slowly, "I suppose you couldn't." He was silent for a moment, when he spoke again, his voice had tightened. "Anybody see her give it to you?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. She was clever about it—borrowing my purse—"

Once more his fingers tightened upon my wrist.

"Was Eve around—when she gave it to you?"

"Of course," I said, "but I don't see how she could have known."

"I do," he muttered. "She's sharp as the devil."

But he let me go. I stood there for a moment, rubbing at my wrist, before I said, "Tom, what's it all about? I'm sorry, of course—terribly sorry if I've messed things up—but is it so important after all? What I mean is—surely the loss of that package isn't a hanging matter?"

"How'd you know?" he demanded roughly. "With Chatty dead and in the wrong hands, it might very well be."

Abruptly goose flesh began to crawl along my spine. Had I unwittingly carried "dope"? Impossible! I almost laughed aloud. Nevertheless my voice was sharpened by

Out of the darkness Tom's voice came grimly: "If the wrong person has that packet, there'll be proper trouble!"

anxiety as I asked, "Would you mind telling me just what was in that package?"

"If I did tell you," Tom said drearily, "you wouldn't believe it. No, forget it, Kit. It's the best thing and the safest. Forget you ever had it."

"Safest?" I was definitely chilled. "Tom! What do you mean? Safest for whom—for me?"

I think that he must have smiled a little at that. He said soothingly, "No—no. You're out of it, I hope. I mean safest for myself—"

I said "Are you in danger, Tom?" and there was a breathtaking moment before he said slowly, "No, I don't think so. Just in line for something very unpleasant, that's all."

I thought of Eve, of course. It was only natural that I should after all I'd heard about him and Chatty. I remember thinking that if this thing, whatever it was, gave Eve the upper hand, "unpleasantness" might be a poor choice of wording. Because I knew, from past experience, to what length Eve's jealousy could drive her.

I said, "What are you going to do now?"

He gave a grunting laugh. "What is there for me to do but go home and face the music? With the police camped on my doorstep—" He stopped as a new thought struck him. "I hope they haven't taken to watching this house, too!"

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "They'd have no reason to watch this house and you know it!"

Out of the darkness his voice came grimly, "If the wrong person has that packet, there's proper trouble ahead, and they'll have plenty of reason."

It wasn't the sort of conversation that I called satisfactory.

It left me, in point of fact, not one bit further ahead than I had been at the time I acquired that unfortunate package. Now that the thing was gone—desperately I said, "Then you're going home now?"

He laughed unpleasantly. "Later, my dear, I've a call to pay first." I don't know why I didn't ask where he meant to pay that call. The probability is that he wouldn't have told me any more than he'd told me about the other things I'd asked, but at least I'd have had the satisfaction of knowing that I'd tried.

But I didn't. I only stood there and watched him go slowly down the walk until he merged into the deep shadowing of the hedge. Then I went back into the house.

I didn't go upstairs after all. I didn't have the urge now. What

did I care for my hair's appearance in a world turned topsy turvy? A world in which sober unimaginative Tom began all of a sudden to talk in terms of a "thriller" and mysterious packages were vanishing, if not from under my nose, at least from out my purse?

I can't say that I was frightened then. Upset perhaps, and shocked, but not really frightened. It was only later that I began to be afraid.

Nevertheless, moved by some impulse I did not fully understand, I turned the key in the old-fashioned lock before I went down the hall to the kitchen.

The smell of coffee was heartening in the kitchen. Aunt Lide was slicing chicken, and Shawn, a cigarette canted between his lips, was stirring something at the stove. He lifted his spoon to me in gay greetings.

It was all very soothing and reassuring after the semi-melodrama of my interview with Tom. I was grateful. I sat down and fingered one of Aunt Lide's willow cups.

"I'm starving," I said. Quite suddenly I knew that it was true.

"We were long enough at my hair for the good you've done it," Shawn observed appearing at my shoulder. Deftly he slid a piece of toast to my plate and heaped it with a savory smelling mixture. "Taste it, arcor—it's good."

It was. I plunged my fork into it without hesitation.

Queer the difference a full stomach can make in one's attitude toward life. By the time the smoke from Shawn's first after-dinner cigarette was spiraling upward and Aunt Lide had produced a huge chocolate cake, even Chatty's death seemed tinged

with remoteness and a matter of interest only to the police.

It didn't stay that way. As Aunt Lide was placing a large triangle of cake before me, she asked casually, "Who was at the door, Katherine?"

I stiffened. I couldn't help it. Somehow I couldn't see myself telling Aunt Lide about Tom Robertson and that package. She wouldn't understand and it would worry her.

I said—"Just a man, Aunt Lide. He was looking for something."

It sounded feeble-minded even to me. It did to Shawn, too. He said, "I hope he found it" in an odd tone. I was shaking my head at him when Aunt Lide said placidly that she seldom opened the door at night—a woman alone couldn't be too careful and with all the dreadful things you read about in the papers—

"There'll be another to-morrow, then," Shawn said moodily.

It was no time for questions but I couldn't help it. The implication of those five words had sent an icy breath across the warmth and peace of the kitchen. I said, "Shawn—who did it? Killed Chatty, I mean."

He hunched his shoulders and said: "I'm not knowing your friends well enough to be saying." And then, abruptly, the loftiness was gone, and he was on his feet crying, "Who did it? How was it done? There she was beside me—laughing—and then china crashed and I felt a bump and when I looked down her head was against my arm and she was slipping down in her chair and I smelled that beastly almond odor." He covered his eyes.

Unaccountably there were tears in mine. Not for Chatty—she was dead and the dead didn't matter. No, they were for the living, for Shawn, for Aunt Lide, for Tom Robertson—all of us who remained to grope bewilderedly along the unfamiliar ways of murder. I said stumbly: "The awful part comes in thinking that the murderer's one of your friends—someone you know."

Surprisingly enough it was Aunt Lide who brought us back to common sense. She said: "One of our friends—yes. We must face the fact. But what you want to remember, Katherine, is that not everyone has access to poison, and that particular poison."

I said "Cyanide," thoughtfully, and "Would it be hard to get?"

Shawn had calmed again. He said: "Hard, but not impossible. You can always get it commercially. Jewellers use cyanide, and photographers—Kit! What the devil's wrong with you now?"

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My lips were white—I knew it, I said: "I've just thought. Chatty owned a jewellery store and Ted Blake's a photographer."

"Who," Shawn asked more or less petulantly, "is Ted Blake, and where does he come in?"

"He—Chatty was engaged to him once and nobody knew why she broke it off. And then right away, while everyone was still talking, Ted married Norma Carter. But they've never got on, and one or the other is always threatening divorce. And Eve said that Ted had been seeing a lot of Chatty lately."

"Um!" Shawn said. "A nice girl—Chatty. Useful for taking care of husbands, Blake and—who was that other chap?—Judson. How does Robertson fit in? Another tall to her kite?"

I jumped but I kept quiet and listened to Aunt Lide telling Shawn that Tom Robertson was a bigger fool than any of them, but that at least he'd had the excuse of business to hide behind since the bank handled the Bethune estate, part of which consisted of outlying properties located at the four compass corners of Nashiona and who were you to say, if you met Tom Robertson driving Chatty Phillips back into town, that it wasn't from an inspection of her farms?

And if the inspections happened pretty often, what of it? She had lots of property.

Ted Blake hadn't fared so well—he was in the wrong sort of business because no one could have her picture taken every week, although Chatty did well enough at it, and as for Art Judson, whose business, what there was of it, belonged to his wife—

"And Phillips," Shawn asked thoughtfully, "the forgotten man. What sort of a chap is he?"

Aunt Lide wasn't sure. No one in Nashiona knew him very well. He'd come there a complete stranger and right away Chatty'd started to manoeuvre things so that he was managing the Bethune Jewellery Company. Then she'd married him and nobody'd known why. He seemed quiet enough, "that sort of sleek, old-young type," Aunt Lide said.

He didn't go around with Chatty's crowd, either—he preferred spending his evenings at a sort of beer parlor and semi-night club called The Dugout, in which he was supposed to have an interest.

"And if he does have an interest," Aunt Lide said nastily, "it was her money bought it and no mistake, since he's boasted often enough of coming to Nashiona without a cent in his pockets."

Shawn continued to look thoughtful.

"She'll leave money, then—Mrs. Phillips?"

"Not millions," Aunt Lide said with a fine scorn in her voice for such things as "millions." "But enough. It was a couple of hundred thousand when old Tom Bethune died, and Chatty's invested and reinvested until it's likely twice that now."

"Clever at business, was she?" Aunt Lide sniffed. "I don't know's you'd call it clever. She had Tom Robertson helping her, and any money that gets past a Robertson—"

I sighed. Tom was doing an unconscionable amount of appearing in the conversation. Perhaps, I thought, it was because my own thoughts were centring so obstinately about him. Had he made his call and had he recovered that all-important packet, and what was in it?

I didn't get a chance to talk to Shawn until Aunt Lide was safely on her way to bed and then I told him the whole story of the packet and of Tom's mysterious visit. He heard me through and then shrugged noncommittally.

"The whole thing sounds insane. What do you really think was in that package?"

"I don't know," I said. "It was only so big." I measured air with my fingers and again Shawn shrugged.

"It wasn't big enough to be so very important. Oh, well, you're out of it—and well out of it, I'd say."

But I wasn't. That was the fact we were to realise shortly.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Danger Zone

Continued from page 5

WE did go over to the Central Hotel the next afternoon and have a drink with Freddy, and he introduced us to the captain and a couple of engineers from the ship. I didn't understand a word the engineers were saying. They talked something like Scotchmen, but they weren't Scotch. Whatever they were, their accents were as thick as dough.

The captain was a big man with a red face. He was scared stiff of Sally at first, but he was ready to eat out of her hand by the time the party broke up.

He kept looking at her all the time she and Freddy talked together—those two were getting on very smoothly—and he paid no attention to me at all. I couldn't understand the engineers anyway, so I just sat there and had a couple of beers and listened politely.

The captain, it seemed, had been bombed a couple of times, and one of the engineers had been at Dunkirk; in fact, all the officers staying at the Central Hotel were from ships that had been sunk. That was hard for a person like me to realise. All my troubles, being out of work and seeing jobs blow up in my face, and jumping from one one-night stand to another in cheap dives at starvation pay—those had always seemed big things to me; but when I thought of the hell these sailors had been in—well, I don't know; I just couldn't picture it.

The captain looked pretty disappointed when Sally and I had to leave. "Perhaps," he said hopefully to Sally in a kind of an embarrassed growl, "if you had a—I mean, some friends of yours, come night—"

"Blonde or brunette?" asked Sally, smiling at him.

"Well, me, I'm partial to blondes. I don't want you to go to any fuss, you know, but perhaps—Freddy here, and you, and me and—"

"I'll get you a pretty blonde, captain."

"Aye, I'd like that."

I had to stand around in the lobby while Sally said good-bye to Freddy. The kid was looking mighty happy about everything.

As we walked up the street afterwards, Sally asked, "What are you thinking about, Mike?" because I was staring at the sidewalk.

"I was thinking," I said, "that the Central would be a nice spot for you and me. That room we were in, that's all right for our stuff. We need a spot like the Central. We'd be noticed there."

"Well," said Sally, "we're going to play there."

I stopped walking. A lump went up in my throat. "Listen," I warned, "I've got a weak heart."

She was smiling at me. "It's only a one-night stand, Mike, and there isn't any pay."

The lump disappeared; I shook my head. "Not me, Sally," I said. "I still have to eat."

"It's for them."

"Who's them?"

"The sailors," Sally said. "Freddy and I figured it out. We'll ask the hotel for a room, and you can get a couple of boys together, a saxophone and a trumpet maybe. I'll sing, and we can have Mary Taylor dances—she's not working. Perhaps a few others. And we'll get the ship's crew up there and give them a show."

"Just for love?" I asked.

"Yes, just for love," Sally said, and she looked determined. "They're lonely. They're going away soon, and why shouldn't we give them a good time? They don't get many good times these days. Well, Mike?"

I looked at her. Eventually she always gets her way with me. And there was something in her eyes now, and I thought of those guys being bombed and torpedoed.

"O.K.," I said.

As it turned out, the party had to be postponed because I got a call from Barney Wells the next day offering me a spot with his crew for five nights at a resort place on the island. His pianist had been taken ill.

To get to the island you have to take a small steamer, which makes one round trip a day and should have been condemned ten years ago. It's about two hours to the island—which is just that much too long for me, because I'm seasick all the time no matter if the water is flat as plateglass. It usually isn't.

I did the five nights with Barney Wells' band, and it proved a lucky break, because I was able to fix up a date for Sally and me at the island the next Saturday. When I got back to town, I rushed to tell her the good news. She wasn't home, and I called in at Michael's Restaurant, where she sometimes has coffee in the afternoon; but she wasn't there, either.

Jimmy Williams, an agent who gets us the odd job here and there, was sitting at a table reading "Variety" and I went over to say hello, and ask him if there was anything shaking up that might be along my line.

"No," he said. "No, nothing doing. I'm starving, myself." Then he said: "By the way, I was at the Casa Club last night. Bruce Henderson was there. He had had a few and he was doing a little talking."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, nothing," said Williams. "Only there was an idea around the town that Henderson and your good-looking partner would make a team. What happened?"

"Nothing," I said.

Williams shrugged. "I got a different impression," he said, and went back to reading his paper.

I was worried about what the agent had told me. He was usually pretty reliable in his gossip, and the things I heard from other people that day convinced me that something had happened between Sally and Bruce Henderson. I go out of town for five days, I thought, and she starts having fights with the one man who can do her some good.

I reached Sally before dinner-time and we arranged to have a drink together. When we sat down, I told her the news about the island job. She was wearing a little black hat on her blonde hair and looking prettier than I had ever seen her.

"That's fine, Mike," she said. "Can you get some boys together Thursday night? The party's all arranged."

"Sally, we've got a job—did you hear?"

"I know, I know. The gang has been wonderful. Everybody wants to help out. Even old Margola, the magician, is going to put on his act."

"I'm not interested in Margola and his act," I said, and I was getting annoyed. "I'm interested in a job I arranged for us. I'm interested in you. I want to know about Bruce Henderson."

"That made her frown. She played with her cocktail glass. 'I haven't seen him for the past few days,' she murmured. 'I don't know what he's doing.'"

"I do," I told her. "He's moping around the bar of the Casa Club. You're a fool if you let him go."

"I'm not in love with Bruce Henderson."

"I don't care who you're in love with," I said hotly, which was a lie. "You have to be nice to people—not pass them up completely because you're interested in giving a charity performance for a bunch of sailors."

"It's more than that," she said.

I COULD see it was. People had told me she was spending every free minute with Freddy. If she had fallen for him she was headed for a pack of grief.

"You'd better stop being so busy," I told her, "and pay a little attention to other things, including Bruce. You're wasting your time."

She looked at me. "But, you see, I don't think I am, Mike," she said quietly. "I've got a lot of time. Years and years, maybe. But they haven't. They haven't any way of knowing this won't be their last voyage. They don't talk about it, but you can see it in their eyes. They want to have fun now, and friends, and if you and Bruce don't understand that, I'm sorry."

"Bruce is in love with you," I said. "Guys in love don't understand anything."

Well, I got a few of the boys together for Thursday, because I would not fall down on Sally no matter

what happened. And on the afternoon before the show I ran into Bruce Henderson on the street. I had always liked this boy. I had often thought that he and Sally would strike it off well as man and wife.

"What do you know?" I asked. He looked pretty glum.

"I'm leaving for California," he said. "How's Sally? Still with the fleet?"

"Now, Bruce, you know there's nothing—"

"I know I'm going to California," he interrupted. "See you again, Mike."

Well, there was nothing much I could go about that. Except tell Sally just before we left for the Central Hotel, and she was silent for a little while after I told her, and there was a frown on her forehead. But it disappeared quickly once we got to the hotel.

The manager, a man named Torcher, had given us a decent-sized salon and thrown in a load of beer for the sailors. There were about forty men in the crew, some of them no more than boys, and they were eager to see what we had

Animal Antics



"Are you a dray horse?"
"Certainly, I'm a dray horse! ...
you color blind!"

for them. They lounged on chairs, laughing and shouting, and they applauded us even before we got going.

I set up my crew in the corner, and Billy Bell acted as M.C. You may have heard that name before. He was in pictures once, in the first Broadway Melody era, and he had a house in Beverly Hills, now he has one room at Mrs. Hafferty's boarding-house.

I never saw an audience like those sailors. You wanted to give them everything you had. They were working with you, feeling the music, joining in the choruses of the songs, responsive to the gags. Above all, they looked happy. It's nice to work to a happy audience.

I don't know where Sally found all the acts. She must have searched every theatrical boarding-house and hotel in town. Some of the names I remembered as a kid. Comedy teams, tap and toe, magic, singers, accordion players—there was a long stream of them.

We barely got away that night. The sailors wouldn't let us close, and Billy Bell had to yell down the applause before he could get them to accept the end.

Then Freddy got up and made a little speech. He thanked the acts and the band, and then said, "One person is really responsible for this wonderful show to-night. You heard her sing, and you loved it. She arranged everything—Miss Sally McCarthy."

From the floor a sailor shouted, "God bless her," and then a riot broke out. Those sailors went crazy with applause. I looked at Sally. Her eyes were bright with tears. I looked at Freddy. He was smiling proudly. I looked at the captain in the front row, pounding his big hands together.

I'll admit it, I was thrilled. I turned to Mr. Torcher, who was

standing beside the piano, and I said, "She's my partner," because I couldn't help it.

"You're lucky," the hotel manager said. He was smiling, too.

I was there when the captain thanked Sally. "We'll all be going away soon," he told her. "We'll never forget you. When the war is over, perhaps we'll come back."

Then she was with Freddy, and she was serious now. "Do you know when you're sailing?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Soon, I expect. Good luck for Saturday night."

"If anything happens—"

He took her hand. "I'll let you know," he said.

They wanted me to go with them for a bite to eat, but I made some excuse. I went to a bar and had a drink. I had three of them. I was thinking of bombs again.

Sally and I went to the island on Saturday morning. Bruce Henderson, I heard, had flown out to Hollywood the day before. I didn't say anything about it to Sally, considering that she knew what she wanted and had made up her mind.

After our show that night, Sally went up to her room. I hung around the bar watching the boys and girls enjoying themselves, and then I went to bed. What is this love business? I thought. A girl goes goofy for a man who probably never will come back to her. Is there any sense to that? I gave it up.

I dreamed that a giant had hold of me by the feet and was smashing me against a brick wall. I woke up in a sweat, to find the side window open and banging loudly. Outside I could see the trees bending, and the water coming up on the beach was tipped with white. There was a storm brewing.

I got dressed and went downstairs, and discovered that it was late morning.

Sally met me in the lobby. She had a letter in her hand. "This came by the steamer," she said, passing it to me.

It was from Freddy. "Torcher (that was the hotel manager, I remembered) wants you back Sunday. He says he can offer you a job indefinitely. But you must be at the hotel Sunday night, you and Mike. I hope you will drop everything and come, because of the job, and because we will be sailing any minute now. Our orders have come through, Freddy."

I could have taken hold of Sally and danced her around the lobby. "I knew Torcher thought you were terrific," I told her. "What are we waiting for, honey? What time does the boat leave?"

She shook her head. "It isn't leaving, Mike."

BLANKLY, I stared at her. "What do you mean?" I demanded.

Sally slumped down on a chair. "Ask the captain," she said wearily. "He'll tell you what he told me—something about a bent shaft. Personally, I think he's afraid of a storm. It's blowing up hard."

I stuffed Freddy's letter in my pocket. "Well," I said, "I'm getting off this island, if I have to run the boat myself. Look, Sally—remember what I said about the Central being the spot for us? We've got to get back."

She rose to her feet and put her arm in mine. "We'll get back somehow," she said. "Let's go find a boat. There must be somebody on this island who has one that works."

I tried the captain of the steamer first. He said no; then he threatened to throw me into the water. Perhaps I may have told him a few things. Sally dragged me away before there was any violent action.

"You're no good to me dead, Mike," she said.

We made inquiries in the hotel about boats. There was a man up the beach who owned a cabin cruiser. He might be able to help us. So we went to see him, grabbing each other to keep the wind from blowing us in opposite directions. There was a baby tornado roaring across that island. We practically had to crawl the last hundred feet to the man's house.

THE man was just going into his house when we waylaid him. He was old and bronzed, and he was smoking a pipe, puffing at it with evident relish.

"Nope," he said, when we asked him.

Sally pushed back her hair. She smiled at him.

"Nope," he repeated, with a look at her.

"Listen, skipper," I said. "This is a matter of life and death with us."

"Listen, son," he said. "It's a matter of life and death if I take my boat out in this weather—and mostly death. I've got the biggest boat on the island—and I wouldn't move an inch from the wharf."

We went away, staggering through the wind back to the hotel. Sally squeezed my hand as we entered the lobby.

"Maybe the storm will pass over," she said. "Don't give up, Mike."

I went to the desk. "Can't I get a message off this island?" I asked the clerk.

"The steamer has broken down, sir."

"I know that. Isn't there any other way?"

"Well, sir, if it was very important, the manager, Mr. Smith, is a ham."

I was going to hit the clerk, because I was in no mood for double-talk—my whole career was taking a nose dive—but he explained that Mr. Smith was the operator of an amateur radio station.

Sally and I rushed to see Mr. Smith. He was ready to co-operate. "I'll try to get one of my friends in town to deliver your message. What shall I say?"

"Say we can't get off the island," I told him.

"And add—'good-bye and good luck,'" Sally said.

We went back to the lobby and waited. The wind was roaring outside, and the windows were groaning. "This is no good," I said suddenly. "Let's get a drink."

We sat in the bar and we barely said a word to each other. I don't know how long we had been there—probably a couple of hours—when Mr. Smith suddenly appeared.

"I have a reply," he said.

We jumped to our feet, with me spilling my drink all over the bar. "Your friend," said Mr. Smith, "just says, 'Don't worry.'"

Sally thanked him while I slid back to the bar and ordered a stiff one. "Don't worry!" I said to Sally. "Don't worry! All right—I won't worry; I'll just give up."

"Maybe—" began Sally.

"Maybe nothing," I said. "We're sunk."

"Well, then, let's make the best of it. Do you want to play a game of cards?"

I didn't want to play anything. But I did play, because she wanted it, and she had more to lose than I had—she probably would never see her sailor friend again. I admired her for the way she was taking it. But then, I've always admired Sally.

.....

We played most of the afternoon, not saying very much. And then, when we were almost deciding to go upstairs and take a nap, we heard voices in the front lobby.

Sally suddenly looked at me and I looked at her. There was something unusual yet familiar about those voices.

I dashed for the lobby, and Sally was at my heels. And there—standing at the desk—was Freddy.

He saw us. "Hello, there!" he called. His face was wet with rain. "Are you ready to shove off?"

So help me, I couldn't believe it. I thought my eyes had gone back on me. Freddy was covered from head to foot in gleaming oilskins. There were two men with him dressed the same, and one of them had his raincoat open and I could see the brass buttons of a uniform.

"Is it you?" I asked.

"It's me, all right," said Freddy. He was looking at Sally. She was laughing—for relief, I guess.

"Freddy!" she cried. "How did you do it?"

"In a ship. She's waiting for us. Better bundle up tight. It's blowing hard out there, and we came ashore in an open boat."

Please turn to page 30

Youth Must Be Served Sometimes

Continued from page 3

SHE breezed at him at once. "Oh, darling! Look! You don't mind Gladys and the Parani having your room, do you? They're staying the week-end, too, darling. You know, just over Sunday. And oh, darling, look! I found some awfully mysterious boxes in your wardrobe, and I just had to peep—and then I found the most divine frocks, so I took them up to Mummy. I do hope you don't mind."

He said: "You what?" She looked at him abashedly. "You're not going to be starchy about your room or anything, are you? They won't hurt it."

He said: "Your insolence is unpardonable. You've no manners. What right had you to go foraging among my things like a curious servant? What right had you to calmly hand over my personal room to a couple of ill-bred strangers? It's intolerable, miss! It's intolerable!" He raised his voice.

She said: "All right! Don't yell the place down, you'll upset the party."

He heard the balze door open and his sister's voice. "Sammie, Sammie, darling!"

He said: "I'm leaving! I can't stick it any more. These intolerable intrusions on one's privacy and one's personal life!"

"Well, don't yell, Uncle, they'll hear you."

Mollie came running along the passage. She said: "What's all the row, boys?"

"Uncle's stuffy because they've got his room."

He said thickly, incoherently: "You had no right! You had absolutely no right! It was an intolerable impertinence!"

Very slowly, and with great dignity, Charlotte, his sister, descended the stairs. She said: "What is this rather unseemly brawl?"

"I told you I'd given Gladys and Parani uncle's room. You said I could."

"Not if your uncle objects, Flick."

"You could have my room, Uncle. I don't wish for your room, my dear Flick. I wish for my own and my own possessions."

"Very well," said Flick, "there obviously isn't room for all of us. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll clear out with the gang to-night, and we'll go down to Sussex after and dine, and put up at one of the pubs, the whole gang."

"No," said her mother. "You can't go with Karl."

"Oh, but I shall!"

"I forbid you to go," said Charlotte shakily.

And then suddenly the hall was full of young women and young men, staring awkwardly at Samuel

Saunders, some in strange attire. Gladys was saying in a high, shrill Cockney voice: "I say, if I've put anybody out I'll clear out like a shot!"

Flick, the spoiled, was putting her case in a high voice.

Slowly Samuel Saunders joined his sister on the stairs. "My dear, I don't think we belong here. Come along."

"But Sammie, they can't go away like that! I won't have it!"

"They're not children," he said. "They're just rather unpleasant young savages at the moment."

He took her arm and piloted her upstairs.

THE great storm was over. Charlotte and her brother were empty and receptive to each other as they had not been for years. They had no real vitality left. Charlotte had stupidly had hysterics and it had galvanised her out of the lethargy of years.

Samuel Saunders had stood by stonily and listened to her pleading with her girls not to be silly. But after the dance they had swept off in a series of sporting motor cars.

The house was quiet and calm as it had not been for years, and suddenly Samuel Saunders heard himself say, "Let's give a party."

"Us?"

"It's a mistake to let youth's feelings register too much," said Samuel Saunders. "Better to take a leaf out of their book. You can wear that lovely silver dress I bought you. You'd look very beautiful, Charlotte."

"Whom should we ask?"

"People we've lost touch with because we thought the children would find them a nuisance and think of them as old fogies."

"Sammie! Could we?"

"Why not? I ran into your old friend Sproggie the other day. He would like to see you again, and he'd like to see you in that silver frock."

"The children?"

"What have they got to do with it? This is your home and mine. We pay for it. We've been ruled and mesmerised a shade too long, you know. 'Youth must be served,' as you frequently say, but not all the time."

So they used the telephone, and Charlotte descended from her room and arranged the lovely flowers he had bought her, so that the girls' sitting-room had again an air of faded elegance.

"Isn't there anyone you'd like to ask Sammie?"

"Yes, there is—a charming little woman who lives near here. I met her by chance. As a matter of fact I bought these frocks for you from her. Her name is Strong, Mrs. Margaret Strong. I think I'll go round and leave a note."

"You don't think I'll be ill after, do you, Sammie?"

"I think you'll be better than you've ever been in your life. It's no good living in a state of suspended animation above the present generation because you don't feel you're equipped to participate in their life. The thing to do is to go on valiantly with a life of your own, in surroundings to which you are accustomed, with the people who belonged to your era. I'm sure of that."

"Perhaps you're right," said Charlotte meekly.

They came. They came in their family old-fashioned dresses. Their low, well-bred voices. Their air of mutual flattery. They came like figures from a period piece, stealing in with their music. For them it was perhaps a little like a masquerade in which they moved freely

as themselves of yesterday. They talked of old friends. Of long-ago parties. Of the Thames when it was fashionable. They sang in tired, well-trained voices. Charlotte looked beautiful. She wore her silver frock and she was flushed.

Margaret Strong was at home with them all. She wore a dull red frock and she looked beautiful, too. Sammie was never far from her side.

He said: "I want to take you out more than you imagine. Quiet places where the likes of us were wont to go years ago. There's an inn at Richmond, overlooking the river. So many places I'd like to take you where we've been before the world was very young, and we were young, too."

And Sproggie said to Charlotte: "By Jove, Charlotte, you look as young as you did that day when I..."

It was on this that Flick and Mollie and the "bunch" minus Gladys and Parani burst in.

Flick said: "We ran out of gas and we ran out of cash. Gladys had a row with Parani and went home in a huff, and the whole

thing was just nuts from beginning to end."

She stopped suddenly. All these people in their charming, outmoded evening gowns were looking at her with faint, not unkind surprise. She wore her corduroy suit and no hat. She had driven in an open car.

The crowd in their pullovers and their tweeds stood behind her.

Her mother looked lovely. Quite, quite lovely. She saw her world as a thing apart from all this. It gave her, for a second, a feeling of isolation. Her mother spoke.

"Come in, darling. Won't you all come in? Sproggie, this is my little girl. Flick, this is Brigadier-General Arthur Mayhew-Sprogg. I don't think I know the names of all your friends."

Mollie said: "Oh, just Bobbie and Karl—oh, just the gang."

They stood there in a bunch, young and tumbled and vigorous, in the doorway.

"What dears, Mr. Saunders," Margaret Strong said.

For a minute the two different sets of animals surveyed each other through the eternal bars before they essayed an uneasy social and domestic fraternising.

(Copyright)

Danger Zone

Continued from page 29

the cheek. He blushed like a school kid. Then he smiled.

"Very irregular, that, too," he said. "But thank you." He took up his oilskins and went to the door. "It was Sparks there who had the idea," he added. "We didn't have to convince the crew." Then he went out.

Sally turned to Freddy. In his uniform he looked like a different man.

"You'll be back in good time," he said. "That is, if you don't mind going ashore in the boat. We won't be tying up again."

I looked at Sally. She was staring at Freddy.

"You mean," she said—"you mean—you're sailing?"

He nodded. "We're cleared. The men are glad. They're getting impatient hanging about so long. Not much to do, you know. And families over there, and all that."

I put my glass away. "Can I go up on the bridge?" I asked.

Freddy looked surprised. "Why, of course—if you'd like," he said, and told me how to get there.

I FOUND the captain on the bridge, and I stood beside him, peering out over the black water lined with white-caps. And now I found the captain was a different man, too. He wasn't shy now; he was sure of himself. There was strength in the faint profile of his face as I looked at it. He was away in a world all by himself, and kind of it, like you sometimes get when you're at the piano and the people disappear and you're alone with a melody.

I looked back along the decks of the ship, and I saw figures moving about. And I leaned over the side and saw the water rushing past. Then ahead, where I could see the lights of town along the beach.

The rain had almost stopped and there was only the wind now. A man stepped close to the captain. I just caught his words:

"Well, sir, we'll soon be on our way."

And the captain said: "Yes, Jones. I'm glad."

And then it was all clear to me. It wasn't in the papers any more, or on the newscasts. It was under my feet, back of me, down in the bow ahead of me—it was real. This was where the bombs would fall if they came. And the captain would be standing here, and the man at the wheel in the little house, and those figures on deck would be running to a gun on the stern.

I saw it all. I saw Freddy burning in oil, and the engine-room men who never came up and the naval gunner blown to bits. I saw the submarine.

I was standing on a part of war. And I was going back to the lights gleaming ahead, and the Central Hotel, and I would never again see

the men on the bridge. They were bound out in the dark somewhere.

The waters were almost calm when we came close to shore. The boat was lowered, and the captain and the officers walked to the ladder with Sally and me. Sally's face was pale, but she smiled at them and shook hands all around. The crew lined up and waved to us when we got into the boat and shoved off. Freddy by our side.

"Cheerio!" the captain shouted, and signalled with his hand.

We landed at a wharf a short distance from downtown. Freddy got out of the boat with us, and he shook hands warmly with me. He had on a uniform cap and a white scarf around his neck.

"Good-bye," he said. "Hope to see you again some day." Then he turned to Sally and took her hand.

"Good-bye, Sally. Thank you."

"Good-bye," she said. He turned abruptly and got back into the boat. It started to move away, slowly at first and then quickly. Freddy was standing in the stern.

And suddenly Sally shouted: "Good luck! Good luck! To you and the ones at home!"

"Thanks!" came back his voice, growing distant. "Good luck to you!"

Then he was a blurred shape in the dark and the boat was suddenly gone. All we could see now were the lights of the ship out there in the water.

We were in a taxi, heading for uptown and a change of clothes, when I asked: "Who are the ones at home?"

Sally's eyes were on the back of the driver's head. She did not seem to hear me for a moment. Then, without turning, she said: "His wife and child. He's wanting to get back to them. He's only been married a year."

I stared at her. I hadn't known anything about that. I had thought

"Do you mean to say you passed up—" I began, and then I stopped short. I didn't say anything more. I was beginning to understand a lot of things that night.

We were good at our opening in the Central Hotel. Sally was tops. She looked lovely and she sang her songs in a better voice than I had ever heard from her. We've been there regularly since, and we're doing all right.

That night I sent a telegram to Bruce Henderson in Hollywood. I told him he was a fool—a fool like me, who couldn't understand people like Sally and Freddy. I told him the facts, all of them. I told him plenty. It was the longest telegram I had ever sent in my life.

And I sent it collect.

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£5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME

ExtraPrizes!! ExtraPrizes!! ExtraPrizes!!

Gorgeous Shirley Temple Doll
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Glorious opportunity FREE for all holders of tickets in the Red Cross Dream Home Appeal.

RETURN YOUR BUTTS AND CASH BY APRIL 18 AND WIN ONE OF THESE EXTRA PRIZES.

Every butt in the barrel by April 18 will have a chance to win the Shirley Temple Doll or the Mickey Rooney Boxing Gloves.

These are EXTRA prizes to be won by those whose BUTTS are returned promptly. After this drawing on April 18, the two winning tickets will be returned to the barrel, and every ticket received by May 25 will have a chance in the main drawing.

The Secretary, RED CROSS DREAM HOME, Box 65CC, G.P.O., Sydney.

I understand that everyone who returns butts and cash before April 18 will have a chance of winning Boxing Gloves or Doll as advertised.

I am returning herewith butts of tickets in the Dream Home with £ d in payment for them.

I would like you to send me by return Tickets in the Dream Home, and I enclose £ d for them.

NAME
ADDRESS
I enclose 2½d. stamp for postage on tickets.



A Beauty
talk with . . .

GIRLS IN UNIFORM

By OUR BEAUTY EXPERT

YESTERDAY, a young girl walked into my room. She was in uniform. As she approached my desk my eyes, quite naturally, travelled from the visitor's feet up to the tip of her blue service cap.

Just as swiftly my mind was working. "How smart and trim this youngster looks," ran my thoughts. And then as my eyes settled on her face I was shocked . . . You could have scraped the powder off her face with a knife!

Another fault which spoilt an otherwise well-groomed girl was her hair, which spread out at the back in a fan-

shape frizz. Not only this, but it dribbled over the collar of her coat in wispy fronds.

From an outsider's point of view, hair seems to be the main beauty problem of many girls in uniform. The front is all right, it's tucked neatly away or dressed becomingly. But the back, instead of running haywire, should for the sake of perfect grooming be cut short, rolled up or worn in a net.

Members of the Voluntary Aid Detachment must conform to certain regulations as far as make-up is concerned. Powder, rouge and lipstick are permissible, but these must be used with discrimination. Mascara and eye-shadow are taboo.

Lacquered finger-nails are not

allowed, neither are long, pointed nails. Nails must be cut short.

Hair should be cut short. No exotic hair-do's allowable, and if V.A.'s want to keep their longish bob it must be rolled up or tucked into a net. Hair must clear the collar.

Consistency wins out

THOSE girls who find it difficult to restore the beauty of their finger-nails after leaning for so long on lacquer should give their finger-tips especial care for a time.

A good cuticle cream should be applied nightly and the hands themselves massaged with cold cream or a good hand lotion.

ABOVE is a Robert Cleland picture of Gwen Patterson, attractive young V.A. . . . Intelligent use of make-up is permissible to members of the Voluntary Aid Detachment.

Consistent use of the old-fashioned buffer will soon bring back a natural gloss to the nails; in fact, your finger-tips will be delicately pink and lovely in a very short time if five minutes' daily care is given them.

Hair should be shampooed weekly. And no matter how short, it should not miss the hundred strokes nightly with a good brush in order to keep it gleaming.

Remember that service caps and hats confine your hair, keep away

air and sunshine. So it is advisable when off duty to take your hair out into the sun and brush it for at least five minutes. This is a fine tonic.

The majority of you care well for your uniforms. I have not yet set eyes on a bedraggled uniform.

Always remember this: The girl who is careless of her appearance is often careless in her work, while the well-groomed woman not only looks smart, but is efficient in her work.

CLELAND



TIRED of the way your furniture is arranged? Well, do something about it! What about a more intimate grouping? One suggestion: Move lounge to wall opposite fireplace (note picture), bring chairs up from corners, and place low table in front of lounge.

NO FLOWERS much to do things with your way? Why not, then, follow this novel idea: Set a nest of miniature pot-plants upon a gleaming brass tray like that shown in the picture above. It's stimulatingly different, so easy to do—and costs but a few pence.

IF YOU are one of those fed-up with plain off-white chairs, introduce a new striking note by sprinkling "Southern Cross" stars over one of them. See article.

TONICS ... for tired rooms

● Bright and charming ideas pictured on this page will cost you no more than a few pence to copy ...

—says OUR HOME DECORATOR

EVERY woman who loves her home likes to make and keep it bright, comfortable, inviting.

But the enterprising homemaker does not sit down and sigh because she cannot get for it the lovely things her heart craves, or spend money in refurbishing. Instead, she does a fair amount of contriv-

ing; uses her brain and capable hands to keep her haven charming and friendly for the sake of her family—for her own sake.

To aid you, perhaps stimulate you to greater efforts, I am illustrating on this page a few ideas for brightening up the home.

Every once in a while—if you are anything like me—you get the urge to change a room around. Don't ignore that urge. Rearrange your furniture. One suggestion for lounge or living-room furniture is given top left of this page. It is a scheme for grouping, conversational grouping, as the Americans term it. Chairs and settee are brought to the centre of the room, with the fireplace the focal point. Suitable for late autumn and winter.

Cost is next to nothing
LONG ago the off-white vogue in furnishing captured the imagination of countless homemakers. Now many who had easy chairs upholstered in off-white are pining for a touch of color. Well, put in the color yourself, with needle and gay thread. The chair shown top right was revolutionised in this manner.

Cupboards must needs be overhauled occasionally, and what a solace to your heart to open the door of a linen-press and have brightly-covered shelves with neat piles of linen confronting you! Wallpaper is a great ally in cupboard refurbishing; so is oil-baize. The American homemaker is very keen on both.

Small book and china cupboards with shelves and back of shelves painted in a gay color are so decorative and cost but a shilling or two to rejuvenate.

A bright and very novel idea is the nest of potted plants set upon a gleaming tray on the dining table as shown in the picture at the top of this page.

A row on the window-sill is another suggestion, and two or three on kitchen shelves or mantelpiece give quite an air of gaiety to the kitchen.



BRIGHTEEN up the linen cupboard with colored, sprigged or spotted wallpaper. Oil-baize was used in the one shown above.

RIGHT: Gaily painted pots with growing things flanking front or back door will give quite an uplift to the home.



ENTER the sweet-potato plant to bring life and charm to your rooms. Start potato in ground, then transfer to bowl of water and it will grow and grow beautifully and decoratively. Cost is nil.



She depends on you so completely

YOUR child's health is completely in your hands. You are the first to notice the signs that point to over-taxing of youthful energy ... you are the first to worry over any lack of essential elements in your child's diet.

Horlicks is of inestimable value in maintaining your child's good health. Horlicks is a complete food ... that's why it helps so greatly to make good any lack of essential elements in the child's diet. Horlicks contains up to 15% of muscle-building protein, one-half of which is derived from the full cream milk that goes into Horlicks. You probably know

already that milk is one of the best "protective" foods. Calcium ... the bone-builder ... is contained in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Extra energy is produced by the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks ... these energy-bringers pass quickly into the bloodstream without putting any strain on young digestive organs. "Upsets" never follow Horlicks, even in the case of delicate children. And children love its malty sweetness.

You can buy Horlicks in the 1/6 size, or for extra economy, get the big 2/9 size. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



For Your Emergency Store.

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only. There's full-cream milk already in it. It can be taken solid, and keeps indefinitely as long as the lid is replaced firmly.

HORLICKS



HORROCKSES ONCE...



ALWAYS HORROCKSES

and Why. Because the endurance and snowy whiteness of these sheets and pillowcases is no myth.

They are still Sheets and Pillowcases after long years of wear and washing, and the modern housewife, as did her great, great grandmother, relies on obtaining the best by asking for

Horrockses
Sheets Pillowcases & Towels
MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.L. LONGCLOTH



Curls to Conquer

Curls permed with Eugeneol "B" sachets are shining examples! Eugeneol "B" were especially made to safely curl bleached hair, but are equally suitable for coarse and naturally wavy textures. Eugeneol "B" eliminate frizz entirely, bring new light and lustre to your curls. For your next perm, say Eugeneol "B" sachets.

eugène

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:

HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.

All States.

Why I switched to Meds



by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used internal sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that the makers of Meds had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 1/8 a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

ECZEMA ITCH KILLED IN SEVEN MINUTES

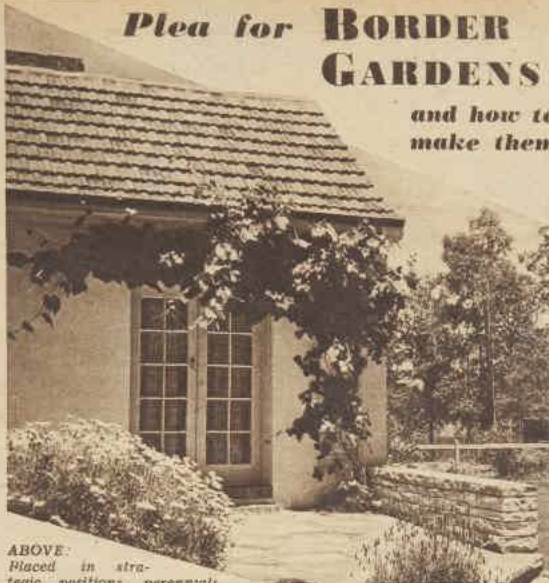
Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching. Cracking, redness, swelling, burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Poot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ in 7 minutes, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store today and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Plea for BORDER GARDENS

and how to make them



ABOVE: Placed in strategic positions, perennials add much to the beauty of an open terrace such as this. A novel touch is given by the ornamental, variegated grapevine which scrambles under the eaves.

OF all styles that we slavishly follow for want of a genius who will devise an Australian gardening design, I like the English type of massed herbaceous border best . . .

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

ITS very wildness, its nearness to nature, its mixed colors or blending of tones alone make it infinitely preferable to straight lines, fancy patterned or carpet bedding. First the soil should be well manured and dug over deeply, for most of the herbaceous perennials must stay undisturbed for many years, and poor soil to begin with will probably spell failure very early.

Most people plant herbaceous borders to hide a fence, which is probably the only sunny position in a small garden.

For general purposes, however, the herbaceous border should be laid out with a narrow path at the back for easy working.

The ground should, as I said earlier, be deeply dug and manured. Trenching at least two spits deep with the spade will save a lot of watering later on, for deeply-dug soil holds moisture longer than land that has merely been scratched.

All the fallen leaves from deciduous trees should be turned in with the manure, likewise lawn trimmings and compost from the rubbish heap. And when the border soil has settled and is in a receptive condition set out the plants.

Mark the bed out in wide bays, drawing a plan first and writing in the names of plants you want to grow.

Bear in mind their heights and colors, habit of growth and peculiarities, and if you do not know them get advice from someone who does; it will save a lot of transplanting and changing later on.

When setting out plants put them into clumps, not singly. Many like company, and plants are often miserable when first taken from the nursery and put out into soil that is strange to them.

Do not plant them in rows or squares; make the plantings as unorthodox as possible, but in such a way that they will grow in curves, mix and mingle with their neighbors without color clashes, but at the same time provide some support for their friends next door.

And when you plant herbaceous perennials avoid setting out varieties that will all flower at the one time. Set out a spring-flowering type here, a summer-flowering type there, and one that will provide color in autumn behind.

For the edges you can plant alyssum, sweet-williams, pinkies, phlox subulata, begonias, etc.

Then in their order will come geraniums, aquilegias, perennial phlox, carnations, anemones, Japanese anemones, columbines, primulas, chrysanthemums, delphiniums, gaillardias, geraniums, heucheras, and kniphofias.

Find room for lychnis monardas.



SCRAPS of wire-netting make excellent holders for tall-stemmed flowers, especially when troughs or flat bowls are used for flower decoration.

pentstemons, heleniums, salvias, thalictrums, eryngiums, scabious, and campanulas, or colored foliaged plants such as artemisia lanata, elenaria maritima, gypsophilas, and helichrysus.

And do not always plant the flowers according to their respective heights—the short ones all in front and the very tall ones right at the back. Make the bed flow from here to there, wave-like.

War on Flies

Mankind's most deadly enemy — Says MEDICO

THE fly has been truly termed "mankind's most deadly enemy." The war against this pest must be continuous and relentless.

The habits of the house-fly are disgusting. The fly feeds on refuse heaps, horse manure, and decaying organic matter. It drinks in the gutter. Then it settles on food.

Before the fly can eat its food it has to soften it. This it does by vomiting the contents of its stomach on to the food it intends to eat. The intestines of the fly contain millions of microbes and the hairs on its legs are always covered with filth and germs. No wonder the fly spreads disease so effectively.

While fly-screening of kitchen and dining-room, fly-papers, fly-sprays, and traps have some effect on reducing flies, the simplest and most effective means of controlling the menace is to prevent them breeding.

Where do you throw your rubbish? Do you throw it where flies can gain access and aid to breed? Over it, bury it, or burn it! Once flies have crawled over refuse it must be burnt! Did you know that flies hatching from rubbish can crawl through six feet of earth! Flies have the "will to survive." We must have the will—and the knowledge—to prevent fly-breeding. It's easy—and effective.

Flies carry typhoid fever, dysentery and especially infantile diarrhoea. One does not "catch" a disease. It is brought. Frequently the germs of a disease are on the feet and sucker or in the stomach of the fly. Kill him and stop him breeding.

Prevention is better than cure. Life is too short to be sick.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR

AND KNITWEAR

He knew those darling hands!



How could he mistake those soft, white hands—that light, caressing touch? Her hands had fascinated him from the start . . . You can make your hands softer, whiter, really enchanting—almost overnight, with Pond's Hand Lotion. So silky-smooth, not the least bit greasy, you can leave it on all night. Just sprinkle a few drops into the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/11 at all stores and chemists, and 1/11 for an economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

PAIN
you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

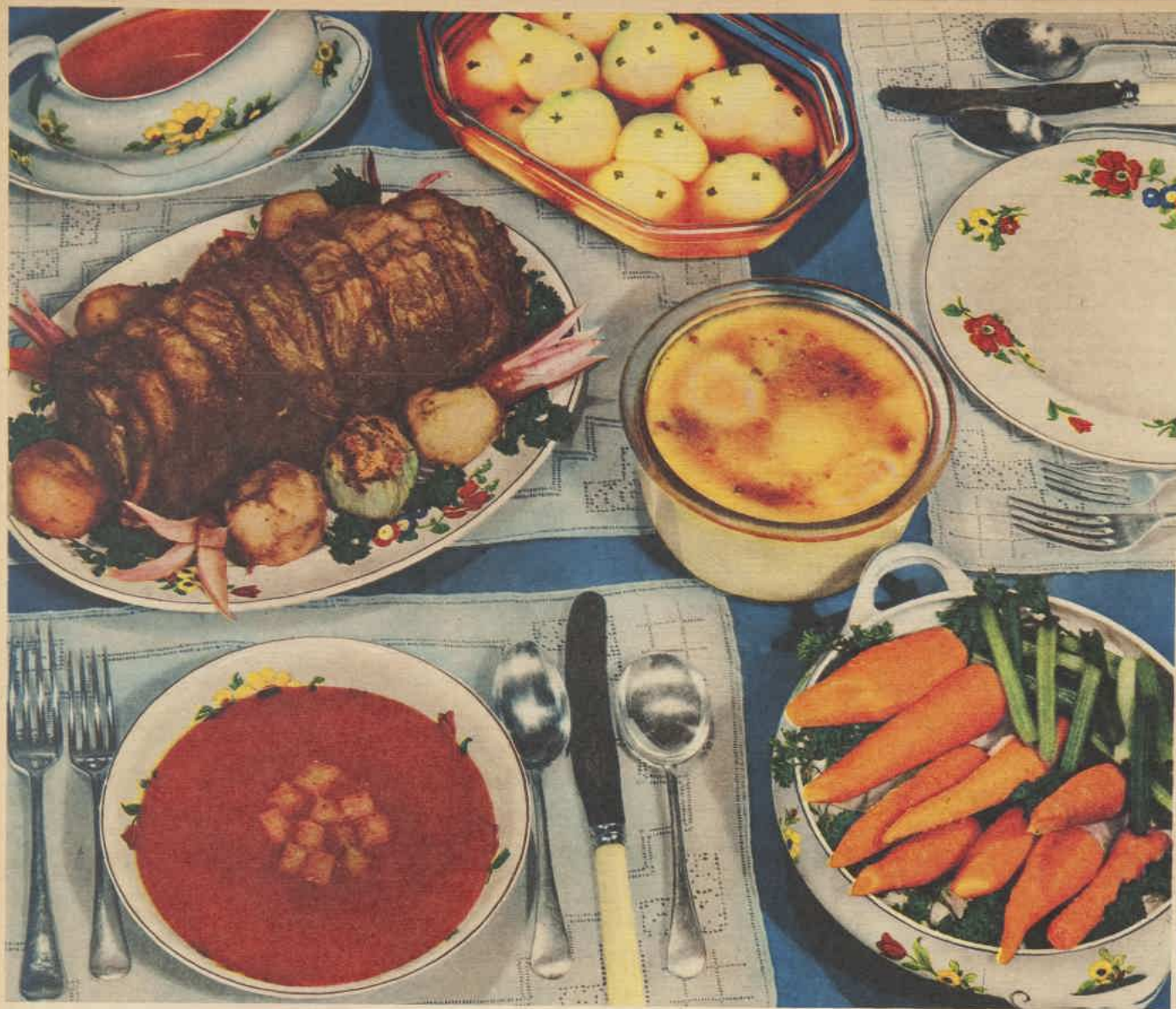
WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



DINNERS that cook themselves ...

AN APPETISING and satisfying oven dinner, embracing soup, vegetables, seasoned roast, casserole, and honeyed pears and caramel custard, that cooks itself in three hours.

THE MENUS:

THREE-HOUR DINNERS

325 deg. F. Slow oven.
No. 1.
Tomato and Celery Broth
Roast Beef
Baked Potatoes Onions
Glazed Parsnips
Casserole of Honeyed Clove Stuck Pears
Caramel Baked Custard
No. 2.
Brown Onion Soup
Roast Pork
Baked Potatoes Marrow
Apple Sauce Stuffed Tomatoes
Pineapple Tapioca Pudding

TWO-HOUR DINNERS

325 deg. F. Slow oven.
No. 1.
Carrot and Lentil Soup
Steak and Celery Creole
Shredded Cabbage
Jacket Potatoes
Rhubarb Charlotte
Cinnamon Baked Custard
No. 2.

Mulligatawny Soup
Casserole of Sharp Steak
Braised Celery and Parsnips
Creamed Potatoes
Orange Sponge Custard

ONE-HOUR DINNERS

400 deg. F. Moderately hot oven.
No. 1.
Baked Fillets of Fish
Lamb Chops en papillote
Potato Crisps Green Peas
Minted Carrots
Plum Topsy Turvy Pudding
No. 2.
Savory Liver Casserole
Creamed Potatoes French Beans
Baked Tomatoes
Butterscotch Raisin Slice
Baked Custard

● Planned by Mary Forbes, Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly. Read all about them — they're good!

NO opening of oven doors, no hot face, no hurried look or "kitchen-overall" appearance when the family arrives home will be yours if you cook these meals.

All you have to do is prepare the food, place in oven, and set the alarm clock at the time for serving. In the meantime you can sew, rest, garden or go a'visiting.

It's just a matter of planning plus a little understanding of oven temperatures and position.

All courses may be placed in the oven together, cooked without attention, and removed from the oven at the same time. This is made very simple if the oven has an automatic heat control, but is quite possible in any type of range, as long as the terms "slow," "moderate," or "hot" oven are understood.

Foods that take comparatively the same time to cook should be chosen, and foods, such as custards, casseroles or fish, that require fairly slow heat, place in the coolest position in the oven. Menus from 30 minutes to 3 or 4 hours can be chosen.

Here are some hints to help you plan your own attractive menus:

MEATS: For 3 or 4-hour dinners (low temperatures) all the roasts can be chosen. This method of cooking meat makes the meat very tender

and fully flavored. Casseroles of meat and vegetables can be included in the 2 or 3-hour menus; they require long, slow cooking. Meat pies are best in the 1 to 2-hour menus. For the short-time dinners choose small pasties with tender meats or crumbed cutlets, chops or croquettes.

VEGETABLES: All types of root and green vegetables can be oven cooked. Roots of all types can be baked or casserole for the long dinners. Green vegetables can be included in the 30-minute to 1½-hour long dinners. These are cooked in a covered casserole, lightly seasoned, and with only 1 to 1½ inch of water in the casserole. Little draining is required, and the color and flavor of the greens are excellent. Leafy greens are shredded first and roots sliced.

OVEN SWEETS: For oven menus requiring long cooking choose casseroles of fruit, baked custards (plain, crumb or cereal), fruit crumb puddings or charlottes. Rich fruit puddings may be steamed in small containers in a casserole. For medium-time dinners sweet pastries, cake puddings, and custards can be chosen, and for quick dinners small puddings of the individual type and pastries.

MISCELLANEOUS: Soup, savories, and fish can be included in oven dinners. The flavors do not permeate through the other courses. Small or large cakes of the butter type may be also placed in the oven if there is room.

Here are recipes for the more important dishes listed in the

menus, excepting peach layer pudding, which can be included in a "½-hour" dinner:

PEACH LAYER PUDDING

Six ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sliced peaches or peach pulp.

Sift the flour well and rub in the butter. Add the sugar and mix to a soft dough. Knead lightly on to a floured board and divide into 3. Grease a seven-inch sandwich tin. Line with a half of the peach mixture. Cover with another piece of dough and then with the remainder of the dough, rolled to fit tin. Glaze with milk and cook at the top of the oven with the dinner.

LAMB CHOPS EN PAPILOTE

Six lamb cutlets (fairly thick), 2 t-blespoons milk or 1 egg, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup biscuit or bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon minced ham or bacon.

Glaze these chops with beaten egg or milk. Combine crumbs, onion, ham, grated egg-yolk and sieved egg-white. Coat the chops thickly with the mixture. Wrap in thickly greased paper and place on greased tray. Bake with oven dinner. Remove from paper before serving and garnish with parsley and cutlet frills.

BUTTERSCOTCH RAISIN SLICE

Eight ounces wholemeal flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. butter or good beef dripping, 1 lemon, 2 apples, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, water.

Sift the flour and baking powder, tipping back the roughage. Rub in the butter or dripping, and add a

good squeeze of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix to a dry dough with water. Grate or mince the apple and combine with the raisins and 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated rind. Roll half the dough and line a small swiss-roll tin or large sandwich tin. Cover with the raisin mixture and then the remainder of the dough. Brush with the melted butter and sprinkle with the remainder of the brown sugar and the cinnamon. Cook with the oven dinner.

SAVORY LIVER CASSEROLE

One lamb's liver, ½lb. bacon rashers, 2 or 3 sliced carrots, 1 sliced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, seasoned flour, sprig of thyme, bay leaf, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon dripping.

Wash the liver, rinse with boiling water, slice, roll in seasoned flour and fry lightly for 2 or 3 minutes to brown. Place in casserole in layers with the chopped rinded bacon, vegetable and herbs. Add the cup of boiling water, cover and cook with oven meal.

PLUM TOPSY TURVY

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 1 cup stewed plums or 2 tablespoons plum jam.

Cream the butter and sugar and lemon rind well and then add gradually the well-beaten eggs. Stir in the sifted flour and milk alternately. Thickly grease a 5½ in. cake tin or deep sandwich tin. Place stewed plums, plum pulp or plum jam on the bottom and pour cake mixture on top. Cook in the middle of the oven with the oven dinner. Turn out and serve with plums on top.



DOESN'T THIS BASKET laden with fruit and vegetables look tempting? Our cookery expert thought it might inspire you to turn every scrap of fruit you can get your hands on into jam, jellies, and preserves.

Every recipe wins a prize...

• Our cookery expert selected these attractive and economical recipes as the best in this week's competition. Try them!

THE main prize goes to rhubarb puffs with golden sauce. Sounds delicious, don't you agree? All other prize-winning recipes will appeal to you, too. Now send in your home-tested favorite to-day. It may win you honors—and a welcome cash prize.

RHUBARB PUFFS WITH GOLDEN SAUCE

One cup finely-diced rhubarb, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, few drops vanilla essence.

Cream butter and sugar until light, smooth and fluffy. Add egg, beat well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add alternately to creamed mixture with milk. Flavor with vanilla. Beat until smooth. Fold in diced rhubarb and fill greased and floured deep patty pans three-quarters full. Bake in moderately hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes until light brown. Serve hot with following sauce:

Golden Sauce: 1 cup pineapple juice (from tinned pineapple), 1 cup orange juice, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup drained tinned pineapple (crushed), 1 cup very finely-diced raw rhubarb.

Beat pineapple syrup and orange juice to boiling. Mix sugar and cornflour and blend to paste with lemon juice and water. Add to

hot liquid and cook until thickened and transparent, stirring constantly. Add crushed pineapple and rhubarb and heat over low heat until rhubarb is soft. Takes about 5 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. J. Hennessy, 61 Mimosa St., Bexley, N.S.W.

MOCK CREAM

With cream off the menu in many areas, these substitutes will fill the bill. I prefer them in the order set out. The last is the quickest to prepare.

1—Quarter pound butter, 2 tablespoons each boiling water and sugar, 1 teaspoon each vanilla essence and granulated gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water.

Mix butter, sugar, and boiling water. Add vanilla and gelatine, and mix in 1 tablespoon cold water. Beat to a cream.

2—Three teaspoons castor sugar, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 rounded dessertspoon cornflour or maize, 1 cup milk, pinch of salt, flavoring.

Blend cornflour with 1 tablespoon milk and cook with rest of milk till thick. When cold, add butter and sugar, creamed together, and flavoring.

For a richer cream, add a beaten egg as it leaves the fire.

3—Cut up 2 tablespoons butter in 2 tablespoons boiling water. When cold beat to a cream. Flavor with cocoa, coffee, or essence.

4—Boil together 2 dessertspoons

water and 1 cup sugar. Remove from fire and add 1 dessertspoon butter. Add 1 cup (or more) icing sugar to required consistency, and any flavoring desired. Add chopped pineapple or ginger for a filling.

5—Mash three ripe bananas, add the juice of a lemon or a dessertspoon of raspberry jam or syrup, and enough icing sugar to make it stiffish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

CHINESE RICE TIMBALES

Half-cup cooked rice, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup cooked mashed carrots, 1 dessertspoon finely-cut parsley, 1 egg.

Beat egg. Mix all ingredients together, bind with beaten egg. Put in baking dish in cup-shaped domes, drop little blobs dripping between and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Alex McRae, 166 Nicholson St., Balrnardale, Vic.

HONEY AND COCONUT BISCUITS

Half-cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ cup coconut, 2 tablespoons honey.

Beat butter and sugar, add flour and coconut, then beaten egg and honey. Mix well, and drop in teaspoonfuls on greased tin, allow to spread. Bake golden brown. Makes 40 biscuits.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. Lovely, 17 Spicer St., Gympie, Qld.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Causes of disobedience in children

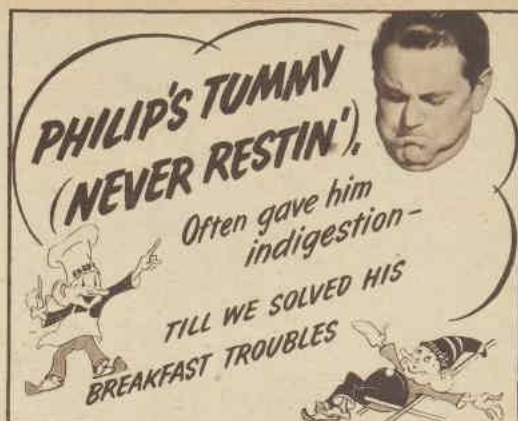
OBEDIENCE is not an end in itself. It is a means through which we attain greater efficiency and happiness.

There is more to it than mere submission to the control of others who happen to be in authority.

Curiosity, fear, and fatigue are among some of the reasons which cause apparent disobedience in children. And adults are often prone to forget those dominant impulses arising within the child which demand attention and which he feels called upon to obey.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



WITH A BOWL OF CRISP RICE-BUBBLES

Enjoy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning, and you'll lose that heavy, dull, mid-morning feeling. You'll get up from your breakfast table feeling snappy and gay—and you'll feel that way for the rest of the morning. Start to-morrow.



"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent Nos. 14524/28, 14525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



I'M RESURRECTING scarves in order to keep down my hat bills this autumn and winter. I'm going to wear them to town—one at a time, of course! I don't mind if you copy.

IF your rugs are getting old (alas, alas!) back with canvas. This will keep them flat and enhance wearing qualities.

SHELLS, even cockle shells, make lovely scoops for the kitchen canisters as they do not corrode in such things as salt. They are easily kept clean, and can be readily renewed. Besides, they are novel and attractive. I use them!

EGGS may be kept fresh longer with the small end downward than in any other position, because in this way the yolk is suspended in the albumen and enveloped by it, whereas if placed for any time otherwise the yolk would come in contact with the shell and decomposition would result.

TRY cooking carrots and onions together. Slice thinly, cook slowly in just a little water. Thicken liquid with a little flour. All goodness is retained. And goodness it's tasty!

Ready Prepared

FOR SERVICE anytime. Rosella Sausages and Vegetables make a tasty meal when simply heated. Also Rosella Curried Sausages and Vegetables.

Sausages AND VEGETABLES

by **Rosella**

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be returned at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

1942?

What is in store for you?

Everyone agrees! 1942 will be the test period for each and every Australian. We must live in continual alertness. Alertness means tension, tension means STRAIN. Now more than ever, it is essential that we keep up consistent good health.

BUILD YOUR FOUNDATION FOR GOOD HEALTH
by eating more delicious Sanitarium Health Foods

Sanitarium products are REAL health foods... not denatured and de-vitalized by modern refining processes. Because every Sanitarium product is made by an exclusive process, they retain in their final form, the vitamins, proteins and original goodness Mother Nature meant you to have. And Sanitarium Health Foods are tempting, tasty and appetizing. A real treat to eat.



Wake up sleepy appetites. Get the benefit of better nutrition for your family at no extra cost. Every mouthful of Sanitarium Health Foods will help your family build strong healthy nerves, robust bodies, and provide them with vital energy.

Sanitarium products are obtainable at all leading grocers:

- | | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| • Peanut Butter | • Weet-Bix | • Corn Flakes | • Bixies |
| • San-Bran | • Marmite | • Granose | • Cerix Puffed Wheat |
| • Cerix Puffed Rice | • Diabetic Meal | • Diabetic Rolls | • Granola |
| • Grainut | • Gluten Meal | • Gluten Biscuits | • Nut Meat |
| • Protose | • Nut Cheese | • Kwic-Bru | • Soya Beans |
| | | | • Baked Beans |

Sanitarium

HEALTH FOODS

21 Delicious Products

